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### MIDSUMMER QUIPS.

#### A CHAPTER ON NAMES.

We are strong believers not only in a "fitness of things," but also in a "fitness of names." It may be very true, and we wish ourselves to be distinctly understood as having not the most remote intention of impugning the veracity of the old adage, "A rose with any other name would smell as sweet;" but for the sake of experiment just call that same "rose" a "polywog," or a "tadpole," or whatever may be the correct appellation of that unfortunate amphibious lusus, doomed by tradition to a sedentary habit, until its caudal termination be fairly and squarely worn off, ere it attain the somewhat dubious dignity of "Frogship," and hang our pictures if ladies or poets would patronize the flower any longer.

We, perhaps, would not go the same length that honest John Bunyan did, and blab the truth all at once, give a man's whole character, with a slight taste of his early history, and a squinting at his ultimate fate; yet still we think it just and proper that the name should embody a sort of hint, a kind of shooting around the corner at the peculiarities of the person or uses of the thing.

It is our failing, perhaps our idiosyncrasy, but we cannot, for the life of us, help passing our judgment upon persons and things by their appellations. And if the world does not like the trick we have got, let it learn to apply names properly, and then we shall be as we should be, all right and correct.

As a blacksmith would say, to upset the old saying, if Mahomet, forbidden by constitutional scruples and a *mens conscia recti*, can't go to the mountain, let the mountain come to Mahomet.

Now, for instance, we never could divest our mind of the idea that the Fleet-Prison in London was intended to be a *dernier ressort*—an *ultima Thule*—a home of refuge for all "fast men"—that Salem is just the residence for captains of vessels, or that the alms-house is peculiarly adapted to those persons who have lost their upper limbs.

What can one expect of a Potts, a Hubbs, a Stubbs, but a stumpy, dumpy, unromantic

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figure; or of a Tubs, but such an one as is expressly fitted by nature to illustrate one old proverb often employed, if not to point a moral at least to adorn a tale?

Helena was a very correct name for the heroine of Troy; and *we* at least shall always be very shy of young misses who may boast the same title. Priam *should* have been by nature an inquisitive person; one that would have made searching inquiries as to the why or how "the half his Troy" came to be burned; and he would seem to be the very man of all the world to have been appointed chairman of the Committee upon the celebrated Saltpetre Question.

Menelaus should have been a legislator; one prolific in "be it enacted and further enacted;" and as for poor Dido, no wonder that she cut such strange capers with Æneas, her name is her apology.

Appropos de Dido—a friend once asked us what in our free opinion might be the origin of that odd phrase, "cutting didoes," and we sagely and poetically answered in this wise:

"Æneas was the father we should say,  
Who 'Cut a Dido' when he ran away."

We have always fondly imagined that shoemakers' spouses should be Peggies, gamblers' ladies Bets, and that Sue would be just the wife for an attorney. Harry strikes us as appropriate for all young gents with an extra supply of moustache and whisker. Sophies should be of a sedative disposition, and Dollies misses of the bread and butter school, strongly attached to inanimate imitations of miniature infants, far less troublesome than the much desired originals, and infinitely cleaner.

Those pretty girls who are fond of exhibiting their charms at certain celebrated Ethiopian concerts, might perhaps be designated Christabels; and the maid-servant who does the marketing and small purchasing, should be A-bi-gal.

Old Noah must have been a very wise man to have earned his name.

Confectioners' wives should always be Patties; those ladies of an uncertain age who are always in search of husbands, Marions; and that go-a-head class, the Presidents and Secretaries of all sorts of female humbugs, Ledahs.

Sometimes, in our degenerate age, a name *will* excite remark. Now, lately, all the papers copied the marriage of a certain Henry Apple and Sarah Apple, but *we* could see no impropriety in the making of two apples into one pair.

We think that the ancient names are also well represented, especially those of sacred history.

The prudes, who keep all men at a distance, assuredly belong to the tribe of Levi; those who admire more ardent lovers are descendants of Beniah; and those who perpetually appeal to their maternal progenitors, O-mar.

The colored gentleman who superintends the preparation of the miniature dormitories on ship-board, is probably A-bed nego. Ben-jam-in would be very appropriate for an omnibus driver; and Bil-dad for any William hardened with the cares of paternity.

The good people of Lynn are Shu-hites Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer, Hit-ites; all misers, Git-ites; and that numerous class of visiting old ladies who carry one column more of news than the Herald, belong to the tribe of Gad.

Peregrinating Milesians, in search of the remains of burnt wood for soap boilers, are of Asher's tribe; keepers of intelligence offices are HIRAMS; and blacksmiths devoted to the preparation of wheels, must be descendants of the old families of Tyre.

In our opinion, all witty ladies, smart at repartee, should be Sallies; diminutive men, Bobs; hare-brained youths, with their heads in a perpetual whirl, Eddies; and a confirmed toper should be A-bi-rom.

We know no more appropriate name than that of Benton, who seems bent on having his own way upon all occasions; and we are rather inclined to believe that the determined Colonel and his tigership of South Carolina are a pretty good pair of loco-foco matches.

And now there is one subject which has often troubled our inquiring mind; in the hope of obtaining some new light, we make it known—

Is the upper Red River, or that Eastern lake of pitch and tar, the proper modern representative of the classic River Styx? P. P.

## Parisian Sketches.

DUFRESNY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

ARSÈNE HOUSSEY.

DUFRESNY introduces us gaily to the eighteenth century. Let us pass with a smile into this Gallery of Portraits, by turns charming and severe, representing in all their shades and all their contrasts the ideas, passions, humors of the age of Voltaire and of Madame de Pompadour.

Dufresny is a poet in action, such as I love and you too love without doubt,—a poet who takes a straight course to the ideal land of the poet, who is not turned aside by the deceitful seductions of the world, but gathers in passing through life all that the sage should gather—poetry and love; often seated beneath the vine trellis, but rather to dream than to gather the grape.

This poet, always in love, in spite of his two wives and innumerable mistresses, always poor in spite of the two millions given him by Louis XIV., always singing even when in ill luck, was descended, in a more or less direct line, from a poor devil Prince of Navarre, often in love, for a long time poor, always singing—in a word, from Henry IV.—and there have been poets of worse descent. He was the image of his great-grandfather, and also of his great-grandmother, the pretty gardener's wife of Anet, "the fairest rose of my garden," as Henry IV. called her.

The genius of the Arts cradled the infancy of Dufresny. He came into the world at Paris in 1648, amidst the barricades of Cardinal de Retz; he grew up during civil, foreign, and religious wars, but dwelt far from their noise and smoke, passing his tender youthful years in imprecations on books and school-masters, and in sunlight as well as starlight

dreams. Wishing one fine morning to hear nothing more of Greek and Latin, he ran away from school, took care to keep out of the way of his grandmother's cottage, and threw himself head and heels upon the world. He was then between fifteen and sixteen. At that adorable age our feet are as those of the gazelle, our spirits as the birds, ever in search of spring. Be off, and a good journey to you. God watches over the child. Is not the road thou travellest with such happy thoughtlessness, a good road? All roads lead to Rome, says the proverb, which means that all roads lead to something.

Towards evening, Dufresny being very hungry, and not the less thirsty, saw the pointed roofs and turrets of a chateau rising from a mass of foliage, at the termination of a valley which he had entered. That's my sleeping place, said he, with a humorous devil-may-care air. He pushed on at a quickened pace, disregarding the attractions of the flowers and berries along his path, and the perfumes of the ripened grapes, the pure water of the brooks, and all "l'hotellerie champêtre," as he styled it at a later period. A little before sunset he reached a light iron fence, through which was seen a small park, dotted here and there with elms and oaks. A gateway half covered by ivy, showing in a niche surrounded with heavy scroll work some remains of Gothic tracery, rose on one side. One of the fronts of the chateau was seen through the trees, rising from the grass, already tinged with yellow. Far from being deserted, the chateau appeared to be the theatre of life and gaiety. Fair forms were seen at the windows, and the tones of a violin melted away on the evening breeze. Our vagabond poet could not believe his eyes nor his ears. It was profound enchantment. There, on that sculptured balcony, a smiling woman, here, on these trees, a ray of sunlight—the smile of heaven, and the smile of earth; there gallant idling grand seignors, abandoning the chase for the charms of love; here the shepherd humming the chorus of a peasant song. "What a concert, what a picture, a school in the open air!" exclaimed Dufresny, "this is the place for my studies; but, meanwhile, I am hungry." And he began to think sadly that he had no part in this festival of the world and nature, that a poor child like himself had as yet no position in the world, and to sum up, that he must go to bed for that night supperless. And where was he to sleep unless under the bright stars? His gaiety vanished with the last ray of the sun, he half-raised his eyes to a fallen image of the Virgin in the niche of the postern, and commenced praying with devotion to the holy mother of God.

He was interrupted in his prayer by the sound of the voice of two lovers, who were lovingly sauntering along a retired part of the park, partially obscured by the gathering twilight. He turned his head mechanically. "What are you doing there, my child?" said the lover, who had just perceived him. "Faith, sir," said the boy, without too much hesitation, "I was praying for a supper; now, Madame, has not my prayer been heard?" "He is as beautiful as a Cupid, with his curling locks," said the lady, "we must receive him in the chateau. Come, Monsieur de Nangis, open the gate, I will help you."

The Marquis de Nangis obeyed with a smile. Scarcely had the gate moved when Dufresny slipped through like a bird, and threw himself at the lady's feet. He was taken to the chateau, and straight to the saloon where the women were toying, the men

playing the butterfly, and the old people busy at ombre. "I have brought you a prodigal son, aunt," said the Marquis, "a pretty school-boy, who wants to go on his travels by himself." "And in the meantime," said the fair protectress of Dufresny, "is playing truant." "Where does this amiable vagabond come from?" said old Madame de la Roche-Aymon, the mistress of the chateau.—"I come from Paris," answered Dufresny, timidly advancing.—"Where are you going?"—"I don't know."—"Your family?"—"The King of France is my cousin."—"Truly," said the Marquis, with a burst of laughter.—"Yes," answered Dufresny, "and still better, we are said to resemble each other. One may resemble a more distant relation, for I am descended from Henry IV. by the grace of God and the pretty gardener of Anet." "Ah, ha, the young fool is joking. He has plenty of wit, he is a good-looking adventurer. We must make his fortune. I will present him at court, the King will give this new Prince of the Blood a good reception."—"At court," exclaimed Dufresny, "I know the road to it well, but it is not a very amusing place, my grandfather died there of ennui."—"His grandfather at court, what the devil did he do there?"—"Nothing much, I suppose, like a good many others. By the by, some charitable soul was talking of making my fortune, which is very lucky, but if meanwhile I had some supper—"

Everybody was charmed with Dufresny's nonchalance. "Truly," said one, "he has the manners of an independent gentleman."—"Faith," said another, "he plays the grand seigneur marvellously."—Supper was served, Dufresny admitted to the foot of the table, and placed between a provincial pedant and a young abbot without an abbey. Although so indifferently located, he made innumerable sallies, and was the true king of the table. But after supper his fortunes suddenly changed. There was more company at the chateau than usual, and not even a trundle bed left for His Royal Highness Monseigneur Dufresny. A chambermaid who interested herself in him, conducted him to a hayloft, regretting, though in a very low tone, that she could do no better for such a charming student. He forgot his titles to the crown of France, and went to sleep like a lucky fellow.

He rose with the sun in the morning, descended from his apartment, and promenaded the park with great nonchalance. The Marquis de Nangis, in setting out for the chase, passed near him. "Monseigneur," said the poet, "there is no common sense about your park, or, rather, your park is too reasonable. These paths laid out by rule are enough to kill one with ennui, these trimmed and snipt thickets are pitiable to look at, it is all stretched out on four pins like a country garden gate. I am sorry for your good taste. Trust me, the genius of gardens inspires me. Besides, a good dog hunts by his family, my ancestors were the best gardeners of France and Navarre. Well, if you follow my advice you will throw your terrace and park into a picturesque pall-mall, dig a fish-pond here under your feet, pull down that stiff hedge off there; I admire those rocks which you have taken so much pains to cover with earth, and that bit of broken wall which your ninny of a gardener no doubt intends to rebuild and plaster over. In a word, Monseigneur, Nature knows what she is about; she has her charming caprices and her fairy fantasies; let her act for herself a little."

Thus we see Dufresny received at the chateau like a spoilt child; thus we see him

careless for the future as for the past, abandoning himself to the luxuriant freedom of youth, amusing himself with the hunters as well as the dogs, with the scullions as well as the fine ladies, scarcely ever thinking of his poor grandmother who was praying for him. But the fine company which the hunting-season and the vintage had assembled at the chateau were about dispersing to the sumptuous hotels of Paris. What was to become of the vagabond poet who had no hotel to go to? The Marquis of Nangis took pity upon him, conducted him straight to the court, and requested an audience of the young king. "Sire, you behold at your feet an illustrious scion of the pretty gardener of Anet."—"I understand," said Louis XIV., "if our sacred religion has left to us innumerable brothers, our grandsire, Henry IV., has left us plenty of little cousins. This one seems to me to have a genteel, lively air, he is welcome; does he know anything?"—"How, Sire, he is a youth of genius, sings like a bird, writes like a notary, has the best of ideas about gardens, without speaking about Greek and Latin, which he has gone at tooth and nail. But these are matters I no longer care for."—"If he sings so well," said the King, "I will make him one of the valets of my wardrobe, he will amuse me better than that imbecile old Desnoyers, who can now scarcely tell one note from another."—"He will have all the gracefulness of a tiring woman," added the Marquis.

Till now Dufresny had kept somewhat in the background. Louis XIV. beckoned to him to advance in front of his arm-chair. "Your name," demanded he,—"Some say Charles Rivière, others Charles Dufresny; for my part, to accommodate both parties, I call myself Rivière or Dufresny, if it please your majesty." "What is the name of your family?"—"One or the other, Sire, but what difference does it make! who in this world would dare to say with assurance, I know whence I came, I know whither I am going! Human vanity has worked away for a long time at genealogies; they are a kind of perspectives whose beauty consists in displaying a long gallery of portraits, feeblers in color, and more vague in design the more distant they are placed. Besides, the point of observation being almost always vague and undetermined, allows us to imagine that we see faces in the distance which not even the eye of a lynx could discover. Those who wish to stretch beyond their eyesight, in their search after family, think they discover in the fogs of antiquity the figures of ancestors, of forms as symmetrical as if Michael Angelo himself had moulded them; but they see them only as you sometimes see in the clouds the forms of men, horses, or spectres." "Marvellous well," said Louis XIV., "a capital lecture on blazonry, which would drive to despair many a one who pesters me with his vain titles." "Thus," continued Dufresny, "it only depends upon myself to discover crowned heads in the distant fogs, but there is no trouble in that. What is more certain is, that I come in a straight line from God. I have that in common with plenty of others who may seek something better if it amuses them." Louis XIV. slightly bit his lip; he had really laid aside his majesty and pride for an instant, but these two pearls of the crown, as Benserade called them, suddenly reappeared in spite of himself. How could he, who called himself Louis XIV., not be irritated at such audacious words from a beggarly poet of some sixteen years! When one is King of France by the Grace of God, how could the utterance of this bold truth be passed



over without anger! Louis XIV. did not explode, he contented himself with a slight re-monstrance, and installed the poet in his palace. "I'm a made man," said Dufresny, "here is plenty of sunlight, a garden, fine clothes, good suppers, and nothing to do,—God be praised, and long live the King."

This course of life lasted for three years. The poet expanded like a rose under morning breezes, fragrant dews, and warm sun-rays. Dufresny, not Louis XIV., was the king. But the war burst out, and it was necessary to go to the war. Louis XIV. had become so accustomed to see Dufresny's cheerful face at every step, and at every moment, that he commanded him to depart in his suite for Flanders. The campaign was nothing more than a pleasure tour. For the first time a King of France had carried with him all the pleasures of his palace, and still more, victory was of the party. "This affair of the King's is decidedly not bad," said Dufresny, after the taking of Tournay. The courtiers did not witness these easy manners of Dufresny without vexation, but remembering that he was a child of good family, they did not dare to complain.

[To be continued in our next.]

### Passages from Works in Press.

#### KENNEDY'S LIFE OF WIRT.

WE make the following extract from Mr. Kennedy's forthcoming biography of WILLIAM WIRT, shortly to be issued by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. As we understand that all of Mr. Wirt's papers have been submitted to Mr. Kennedy, we are led to expect much new and interesting matter, with many original letters in Mr. Wirt's lively and agreeable style. The one which we present to our readers describes vividly some of the pains and the ennui of authorship, experienced during the preparation of the "Life of Patrick Henry."

#### PERPLEXITIES OF A BIOGRAPHER.

At this time the biography of Henry was resumed with a stout resolve to bring it to a conclusion. We have abundant evidence that this had already grown to be a most irksome labor.

The following letter to Carr playfully presents the difficulties of this undertaking, and shows how reluctantly Wirt struggled with his task. It contains also an allusion to Dabney Carr, the father of his friend, and the compatriot of Henry,—a gentleman most favorably known in the short legislative career to which we have heretofore adverted, and whose early death had blighted the promise of a fair renown.

Mr. James Webster, of Philadelphia, to whom also this letter has a reference, was already engaged as the publisher of the forthcoming volume, and had made some announcements of it to the public, which, it will be seen, had served to augment the author's disrelish of his enterprise.

WILLIAM WIRT TO JUDGE CARR.

RICHMOND, August 20, 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

Now for Patrick Henry. I have delved on to my one hundred and seventh page; up-hill all the way, and heavy work, I promise you; and a heavy and unleavened lump I fear me it will be, work it as I may. I can tell you, sir, that it is much the most oppressive literary enterprise that ever I embarked in, and I begin to apprehend that I shall never debark from it without "rattling ropes and rending

sails." I write in a storm, and a worse tempest, I fear, will follow its publication. Let me give you some idea of my difficulties. Imprimis, then,—I always thought that Bozzy ranted, in complaining so heavily of the infinite difficulty and trouble which he had to encounter in fixing accurately the dates of trivial facts; but I now know by woful experience that Bozzy was right. And, in addition to the dates, I have the facts themselves to collect. I thought I had them all ready cut and dry, and sat down with all my statements of correspondents spread out before me; a pile of old journals on my right, and another of old newspapers on my left, thinking that I had nothing else to do but, as Lingo says, "to saddle Pegasus, and ride up Parnassus." Such short-sightedness is there in "all the schemes o' mice and men;" for I found, at every turn of Henry's life, that I had to stop and let fly a volley of letters over the State, in all directions, to collect dates and explanations, and try to reconcile contradictions. Meantime, until they arrived, "I kept sowing on."

In the next place, this same business of stating facts with rigid precision, not one jot more or less than the truth,—what the deuce has a lawyer to do with truth! To tell you one truth, however, I find that it is entirely a new business to me, and I am proportionately awkward at it; for after I have gotten the facts accurately, they are then to be narrated happily; and the style of narrative, fettered by a scrupulous regard to real facts, is to me the most difficult in the world. It is like attempting to run, tied up in a bag. My pen wants perpetually to career and frolic it away. But it must not be. I must move like Sterne's mule over the plains of Languedoc, "as slow as foot can fall," and that, too, without one vintage frolic with Nanette on the green, or even the relief of a mulberry tree to stop and take a pinch of snuff at. I was very sensible, when I began, that I was not in the narrative gait. I tried it over and over again, almost as often as Gibbon did to hit the key-note, and without his success. I determined, therefore, to move forward, in hopes that my palfrey would get broke by degrees, and learn by and by to obey the slightest touch of the snaffle. But I am now, as I said, in my hundred and seventh page, which, by an accurate computation, on the principles of Cocker, taking twenty-four sheets to the quire, and four pages to each sheet, you will find to exceed a quire by eleven. And yet am I as far to seek, as ever, for the lightsome, lucid, simple graces of narrative. You may think this affectation, if you please, or you may think it jest; but the dying confession of a felon under the gallows (no disparagement to him!) is not more true, nor much more mortifying.

*Tertio*: The incidents of Mr. Henry's life are extremely monotonous. It is all speaking, speaking, speaking. 'Tis true he could talk:—"Gods! how he could talk!" but there is no acting "the while." From the bar to the legislature, and from the legislature to the bar, his peregrinations resembled, a good deal, those of some one, I forget whom,—perhaps some of our friend Tristram's characters, "from the kitchen to the parlor, and from the parlor to the kitchen." And then, to make the matter worse, from 1763 to 1789, covering all the bloom and pride of his life, not one of his speeches lives in print, writing, or memory. All that is told me is, that, on such and such an occasion, he made a distinguished speech. Now to keep saying this over, and over, and over again, without being able to give any account of what the speech was,—why, sir, what

is it but a vast, open, sunburnt field, without one spot of shade or verdure? My soul is weary of it, and the days have come in which I can say that I have no pleasure in them. I have sometimes a notion of trying the plan of Botta, who has written an account of the American war, and made speeches himself for his prominent characters, imitating, in this, the historians of Greece and Rome; but I think with Polybius, that this is making too free with the sanctity of history. Besides, Henry's eloquence was all so completely *sui generis* as to be inimitable by any other; and to make my chance of imitating him still worse, I never saw or heard him. Even the speeches published in the debates of the Virginia convention are affirmed by all my correspondents not to be his, but to fall far short of his strength and beauty. Yet, in spite of all this monotony and destitution of materials, we have a fellow coming out in the *Analectic Magazine*, or the *Baltimore Commercial Advertiser*, I forget which,—for both have been at it,—exciting the public expectation on this very ground, among others, of the copiousness and variety of the materials within my reach. Those puffs mean me well, but I could wish them a little more judgment.

Again: there are some ugly traits in H.'s character, and some pretty nearly as ugly blanks. He was a blank military commander, a blank governor, and a blank politician, in all those useful points which depend on composition and detail. In short, it is, verily, as hopeless a subject as man could well desire. I have dug around it, and applied all the plaster of Paris that I could command; but the fig-tree is still barren, and every bud upon it indicates death instead of life. "Then, surely you mean to give it up?" On the contrary, I assure you, sir; I have steeped in so deep, that I am determined, like Macbeth, to go on, though Henry, like Duncan, should bawl out to me, "Sleep no more!" I do not mean that I am determined to publish. No, sir, unless I can mould it into a grace, and breathe into it a spirit which I have never yet been able to do, it shall never see the light; Mr. Webster's proposals to the contrary notwithstanding. But what I have determined upon is to go on as rapidly as I can, to embody all the facts; then, reviewing the whole, to lay it off into sections, by epochs, on Middleton's plan; and taking up the first section, to make a last and dying effort upon it, *per se*. If I fail, I surrender my sword; if otherwise, I shall go forth, section after section, conquering and to conquer. And if the public forgive me this time, I will promise never to make a similar experiment on their good nature again.

### Unique Poems.

#### THE TENTH MUSE.

MORTALS! why thus toil away,  
Even to your dying day,  
For the meat that perisheth?  
Know ye not, that your first breath  
Is the beginning of your death?  
And that the life of king or slave  
Is a pathway to the grave?  
Who, looking on a gentle bride,  
With the loved one by her side,  
Reads in her delighted eye  
The tears she shed in infancy!  
E'en as little can we trace  
The death-shade stealing o'er her face,  
Which will soon, despite its bloom,  
Lay and moulder in the tomb!

#### THE PRAYER.

A bright-haired girl, with fair blue eyes  
Lit up with starry ecstasies;  
A heart that beat in full accord  
With the feeling of each word,  
As though its throbbings were o'erfraught

With the deep subtleties of thought,  
And took its pulse of joy and pain  
From the workings of the brain.

But ever and anon there came  
Across her brow a flush of flame,  
While her full eyes gleamed so bright,  
That they seemed to roll in light;  
And the feelings of her heart  
Sprang from her sweet lips, which part  
As though the powers of thought had broke  
Their silence, and in music spoke—  
Full, deep-toned, rapturous bursts of mind,  
Which would not, could not, be confined!  
A moment more, that flush had gone  
And left her brow both cold and wan;  
And the lit eye, so brightly fair,  
Was dim,—for mournful tears were there;  
And from her moving lips faint words  
Flow'd, dirge-like, slowly from the chords  
Of a spirit lone, whose love hath flown,  
Left in sadness all alone!

In an ancient oak-carved room,  
Now in light and now in gloom,  
As the fitful flame, which played  
On a fire-hearth of grey stone,  
Grew dim or bright, this gentle maid  
Sat reading by its light, alone:  
Before her there was opened wide  
A goodly folio, deified  
By the undying thoughts of those  
Who made a music of their woes,  
And in immortal verse enshrined  
Their energies of heart and mind.

The maid has kindled o'er the book,  
Her full eye brightens with her look;  
While on her brow the blood-veins start,  
With the sweet thrill that stirs her heart.  
The book is closed: her spirit feels  
A glow that language ne'er reveals;  
Till, like a torrent that o'erleaps  
Its banks, these words spring from her lips:—

"What spell divine! what wondrous dower!  
From whence the poet's magic power?  
His voiceful spirit walks the earth,  
And speaks to the remotest birth;  
Ages on ages pass away,  
The very mountains feel decay,  
And rivers, once impetuous streams,  
Have died, like old, forgotten dreams,  
Leaving no trace where once they flowed.  
Proud Tyre, imperial abode!  
Now shows a fisher's hut to speak  
Of stern decay, should travellers seek  
Some relic of its former state.  
Time, ever the importunate,  
Spare not the sculptor's—painter's works;  
Decay in every triumph lurks,  
Save in the poet's: his strong heart  
Is eye of living things a part;  
His voice has still the stirring power  
It had in its first vocal hour,  
And hearts unborn will own its sway.  
O voice! that never knows decay,  
Would that I had that light divine  
By which those stars of glory shine,  
Those wonders of the human mind,—  
Oh, they are eyes unto the blind!  
Youth, hope and pleasure, joy and rest,  
Each vain delight that stirs the breast,  
With rapture all I would resign,  
If but a poet's soul were mine!"

#### THE PROPHECY.

O'erwrought with this delicious pain,  
Sleep fell on the maiden's brain,  
And a vision dimly stole  
Like prophecy upon her soul;  
And one by one, in shadowy frame,  
Forms of bygone glory came.

A Lesbian maid, with tresses wild,  
On her own dear Phaon smiled;  
The deathless lyre by her was strung,  
The impassioned song by her was sung,

And rapture lived upon each tone,  
Till every bosom seemed her own.  
Love swelled her breast, love lit her eye,  
And all was song and ecstasy!

The scene was changed,—a gloomy shore,  
A rock, 'neath which the billows roar;  
There on the lofty steep she stands,  
Grasping her lyre with frantic hands,  
And as the billows moan and rave,  
Pours her dirge upon the wave;  
"But one more lay give forth, dear lute,  
And then for e'er thy cords be mute,—  
'Tis all thy mistress craves of thee.  
Farewell! all things are dark to me;  
The world is empty, my heart is dead,  
For love, which gave it life, has fled!  
Unbare your bosom, gentle wave,  
For I have chosen thee my grave;  
Oh, welcome me, thou mighty sea,  
The wearied Sappho comes to thee!"

The fair girl woke in grief and fear,  
For she deemed the dark sea near.  
But soon the trance is overpast,  
And the maiden wakes at last,  
Opens her eyes with dread and pain,  
As one who shudders to look again;  
Till she soothed by slow degrees her heart,  
Which throbb'd so fast that it seemed to start  
All red and mad against her side,  
As though it would dash its purple tide  
In one full gush from her panting breast:  
Slowly the lady calmed to rest  
Her turbid thoughts, and bent her head  
Down on her bosom, as one who said  
A prayer to Him who made us all.  
Oh! may thy slumbers fall as fair  
As evening dew through summer air,  
When not a fairy's wing is damp  
With its silvery shower, and not a lamp  
Of the bright glow-worm burns pale and dim!  
List to the spirits' midnight hymn!  
Gently the sacred aspens stir  
To music, blest interpreter  
Of all the voices that remain  
Sleeping in their silent chain,  
Till the evening's breath unties  
All their secret harmonies!  
Sweet vesper hymnings soothe the breast  
Of yonder gentle girl at rest!

#### THE VOICE.

The dawn comes sweetly o'er the earth,  
And joy with morning light has birth;  
Each bough is vocal, and the trees  
Thrill with living harmonies.  
All around, below, above,  
Revel in the light of Love!

The lark is up; the air is fraught  
With music, like a mind with thought;  
As though the silent stars of night  
Had quickened with the morning light,  
And in divinest ecstasy  
Poured aerial music through the sky.  
One star, the glory of the night,  
Is lingering in the sky alone,  
And every moment wanes less bright,—  
Now, as though air-dissolved, 'tis gone.

The sun, the sun! creation thrills  
Through her vast frame with strong delight,  
As the full tide of morning fills  
Her verdant bosoms; while the hills  
Shout to each other, with a voice  
Which loosens the vast avalanche.  
Creation chaunts in bough and branch  
Her mighty chorus; all rejoice!  
And there is one who more than feels  
The rapture which this hour reveals,  
For Nature's sacred page to her,  
Is Scripture to a worshipper:  
The hills and valleys, seas and woods,  
The very deserts and the floods,  
Are God's own framing; and the stir  
Of leafy forests, and the roll  
Of the majestic ocean brings  
Divinest voices to her soul,—

In every breeze an angel sings.

The lady wandered to a nook  
Within the wood,—the sweetest page  
Of rest in Nature's pleasant book.  
It was too sweet a spot to pass;  
And she felt weary, and the grass  
Looked soft and warm, while o'er her head  
The interlacing boughs were spread.  
A pleasant canopy! it was a spot  
In which the world might be forgot.  
The murmur of the multitude  
Was lost long ere it reached the wood,  
And this was, in its still recess,  
A very nest of loveliness,—  
A shrine in which the human soul  
Might worship, free from all control  
Which mortal eye holds o'er the heart,  
When of the crowd we form a part;  
Here nothing chilled the fervent prayer,  
And worship seemed the natural feeling,  
A whisper from all nature stealing—  
From tree and rill, from earth and air!  
Thus felt sweet Marion as she rested  
Upon the earth—the verdant-breasted;  
And o'er her gentle spirit fell  
A peace so inexpressible,  
That she was silent as a stream  
That flows in some beguiling dream,  
While everything that met her eye  
Was still and steadfast as the sky.  
Liveth there one who hath not felt,  
While gazing on a lovely scene,  
The quiet landscape slowly melt  
Into the heart,—till *that* hath been  
As calm as the blue sky, as lofty, as serene?  
"I would," quoth Marion, "I were  
A gentle tone, that I might roam  
A happy thing upon the air,  
Having the bright sky for my natural home;  
And then the heavens that smile above,  
Would hold me in their arms of love!"

#### THE REVELATION.

Solemn-thoughted midnight now,  
With the stars upon her brow,  
Came on silent wing, with breath  
Hushed,—a pause 'twixt life and death.  
In a chamber, small and white,  
Neat—nay, almost exquisite,  
Just one bracelet thrown awry,  
To break its calm monotony,  
In the ceiling's centre placed,  
Hung a lamp with carving graced,  
Which threw down its silver light

On a little couch of white,  
Where lay Marion, pale of cheek,  
Save one little hectic streak,—  
Oh! 'twas plain her soul was tossed,  
In some mighty horror lost;  
For in that sleep a vision came,  
Which checked the blood in her young frame.  
She thought that, in the midnight's gloom,  
She sat upon a sculptured tomb,  
And that she prayed with frantic mien,  
To gaze upon the Poet's Queen.  
"Oh! that I might," she cried, "Behold  
That being of immortal mould,  
Whose wizard might such wonders wrought,  
And tamed whole nations with a thought!  
Oh, spirit! reverence what I feel,  
And for one glance thyself reveal."  
She scarce had finished, when she heard  
A sound like to a cypress stirred;  
And she beheld a figure there,  
Which slowly grew out from the air,  
A shape of mist, a starry frame,  
From which these solemn accents came:—  
"In me behold the sov'reign power,  
That gives the poet's soul his dower;  
But each thought that crowds his brain  
Is the child of some deep pain,  
And his life's a stormy fight  
With the millions' hate and spite;  
Every hour his heart is torn,  
And his daily bread is scorn;  
On the cross he doth abide,



With the sharp spear in his side,  
While Thought, the jagged wreath of thorns  
In laughing mockery adorns  
His brow, whence blood-drops trickle down  
From gashes made by that fierce crown.  
Sometimes to his lip is placed  
Gall and vinegar to taste;  
While the sneering mob deride  
Him whom they have crucified,—  
Who crieth out in agony,  
"Why hast thou forsaken me?"  
The poet's mighty queen now see,  
And, maiden, it is Misery!"

## THE INTERPRETATION.

Day by day the maiden stood  
Neath the swinging of a wood,  
Whose old branches moan and shriek,  
Like a tongue that cannot speak;  
While their arms they madly toss  
Up to heaven, for speech at loss,—  
Withered hands, which seem to say,  
"Skies, why smile at our decay."  
Sometimes at a river side  
Marion lingered, sorrow's bride;  
And the waters, soft and clear,  
Seemed a mighty danger near,—  
Sweet, enticing arms outspread,  
Like a maiden's newly wed,  
While the water's ebb and flow  
Rock the spirit to and fro.  
Often on the meadows she  
Stood alone with Misery,  
And the long grass seemed to wave  
With the silence of the grave;  
Yet the silence seemed to say,  
"Hear the music of decay;  
For the strength with which we wave,  
Is the vigor of the grave;"  
Whereupon her spirit set,  
Like two currents fiercely met,  
Which at last their strivings cease,  
Beat stand-still to perfect peace.  
Now reclining on the grass,  
She would see the great clouds pass;  
Of she called to them, but they  
Never in their flight would stay,  
But looked on her, as they fled,  
Speechless faces like the dead:  
And the meadow, cloud, and stream,  
Haunted her in every dream,  
Whilst in every one she heard  
The poet's queen,—the mystic word.  
For the voice, from every tree  
Moaning, sighed, "Hail, Misery!"  
And the echo from the sea,  
As it ebbed, was "Misery!"  
And the dull wind, o'er the lea  
Moaning, howled, "Oh, Misery!"

## THE SOLEMNITY.

Nine shapes of light—nine spirits fair,  
Emerging from the quiet air,  
In starry circle stood around  
A flowery bier, on which was laid  
The graceful clay of Marion:  
The presence of the beauteous Nine  
Lit up the features of the maid  
With that unnamed and mystic sign,  
Which speaks the bliss of spirits gone;  
And on her face so brightly pale,  
Life's tender flush yet lingered there,  
Like sunset which, though 'neath the wave,  
Still gleams upon the fleecy sail.  
Oh! rarest flower that ever gave  
Thy virgin sweetness to the grave,  
Rest,—rest for ever, free from care!

The shapes of light, the thoughtful Nine,  
Bow their heads in reverent fear,  
As though they felt a presence near.

"Twas she! 'twas she!"

The poet's queen: "Hail, Misery!"  
(Chaunted then the shapes divine);  
"Here another spirit see,  
Who has worshipped at thy shrine!"

THOMAS FOWELL.

## Reviews.

## AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

*Rambles in Yucatan; or, Notes of Travel through the Peninsula, including a Visit to the Remarkable Ruins of Chi-chen, Kuba, Zayi, and Uxmal.* With numerous illustrations. By B. M. Norman. Seventh edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

THE subject matter of this work is one of general interest, or should be so, to the American people. Three centuries and a half ago, the existence of such a continent as ours was not known to the nations on the other side of the globe. Discovered, after perils the most appalling, and hardships innumerable, by a daring adventurer from the sunny shores of Italy, it was immediately adopted and baptized as "the New World." It was registered in history and sung in poetry, as a virgin clime fresh from the hand of the Creator, a soil untrod by foot of civilized man; while at the same time there were dreamy conjectures mingled with these rhetorical flourishes, that it might be the ancient Ophir of Solomon, or the Cipango of Marco Polo.

A century passed away, and the Saxon, following tardily in the wake of the bolder Castilian, took possession of the northern wing of the Western World. Still it was a new country, an unbroken primeval forest; and countless as the leaves of that forest are the changes that have been rung, "in sober prose and high-wrought verse," upon this omni-prevalent idea, that America is a New World, a realm unknown to the ancients, and wholly unoccupied through the lapse of more than forty centuries.

Suddenly this illusion is dispelled, and we find among us monuments of remote antiquity—works of art and power—traces, not of man only, but of nations, empires, which have sprung up on our soil, flourished through long ages of renown and glory, and then decayed, passed away, and been forgotten, before the European had a hint of their existence. Who these nations were—whence they came—how their progenitors reached our shores, divided on either side from the old world by thousands of miles of stormy ocean—what was the course of their history, the causes of their decline, and the mode of their exit from the theatre of their high renown, are questions of deep interest to the antiquarian. Enigmas though they may be, and incapable of a satisfactory solution, they present many aspects of inquiry to the American ethnologist, which may well demand his profound attention, and engross his utmost powers of research.

To us, more than to any other people on earth, these enigmas address themselves for solution, or at least for a patient scientific attempt to discover the key to their mysterious symbols, and interpret them to the world. Norman, Stephens, Catherwood, and others, have done much, as individuals, in bringing them into notice. They deserve infinite credit for the toil and talent they have bestowed upon the subject. And we are happy to learn that the reading public in our country have so far appreciated their labors, as to maintain a steady demand for their works. It would be still better if the interest were such as to demand a further and fuller exploration, and to supply the means of making it. And better, far better still, and worthier of the republic, if she would make the cause her own, and become, to the inquiring world, the expounder of the riddle which the Sphinx has left for our wonder.

The preface to the seventh edition of Mr. Norman's work contains suggestions so consonant with our own views, that we extract it entire, commending the book to general notice and regard.

"In putting forth the seventh edition of his work, the author feels himself called upon gratefully to acknowledge that kind appreciation of his humble effort, which creates a demand for the new issue. He is fully sensible that the merit lies in his subject, and not in himself, or his manner of presenting it. And this conviction affords him more and truer gratification than could possibly be derived from the ephemeral reputation of a popular tourist, or a successful delineator of scenes rarely explored.

"The growing interest in the subject of American Antiquities, which has received a fresh impulse from the recent visit to Mexico of so many intelligent observers, connected with our noble army, is a most encouraging omen, and favors the hope that the time is not distant when there will be something like a national enthusiasm to appeal to in its behalf. It is surely worthy of a place in our sympathies as Americans. Pride of country; characteristic curiosity; a natural love of the marvellous; a generous ambition to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge; an adventurous spirit of enterprise, that dreads no danger, that shrinks from no hardships, and is not readily discouraged by loss or sacrifice;—all these solicit our attention to this interesting field of inquiry, and indicate our fitness to enter and explore it.

"To us more than to any other nation, it should be interesting to know all that can be known of the continent in which we reside, and of which we form the most important and conspicuous part; to inquire, and if possible, to determine, when and by whom these wonderful works which lie in ruins within and around our borders, were constructed; who were the mysterious races, and whence they came, that occupied and cultivated these wide territories and filled them with monuments of their power, greatness, wisdom, and skill, long before the ancestors of our race came hither. The enigma may baffle, but it should not discourage, inquiry. In some of the most interesting investigations of human science, though the primary object has failed to be realized, a secondary and scarcely inferior one has been reached and established. It may be so in this case. Let us explore the ground. Let us secure all that can be secured by thorough research and patient inquiry. Let us leave nothing unattempted which reason may command, or even an enthusiastic curiosity suggest. If we do not accomplish all that we desire, we shall at least rescue from utter oblivion and decay the relics that have come down to us. We shall embalm, for posterity, the monuments, if not the names and memories of a departed race.

"Previous to the discovery of these ancient ruins, our western continent was known only as the New World. We had no antiquities but our cloud-reaching mountains, our hoary forests, and the animal and vegetable remains imbedded in our soil. While these carry us back to the days of old, to the flood, and the creation, they speak only for themselves and for the ages that have passed over them. They reveal none of the secrets of man's history, or his works. They address themselves to our notice only as subjects of science, an appendix to the great unwritten volume of natural history. But these ruins are a new revelation, an unsealed volume in the history of our species. They speak not to our curiosity and taste alone, but to our human sympathies, to our social affections, to our family pride. For, like tablets of undeciphered hieroglyphics, or rolls of half-obliterated parchment, drawn out from the ruins of some ancestral castle, they are the sole relics of a remote branch of our own family.

"It is another omen for good, that, in the selection of agents to represent our government abroad, some reference is now had to the interests of science, as well as those of commerce and our political relations. In this respect, the governments

of Europe have been long and far in advance of ours. In the appointment of their consuls, chargés, &c., men have been selected, who, without neglecting any of the appropriate duties of their station, could at the same time subserve the interests of science and literature, by investigating the peculiar institutions and remarkable antiquities of the countries to which they were accredited. So negligent have we been in this respect, hitherto, that the Department at Washington is often indebted to books of travel, and the journals of amateur adventurers, for that information respecting the places where our foreign agents reside, which forms the basis of its official instructions, and which the Department, through the correspondence of its agents, should possess in all its details. While it is not to be suggested that any man should be chosen to represent the country abroad merely on account of his literary taste or reputation, so much regard may always be had to that consideration as to secure along with it a faithful devotion to all mercantile and political interests, a due attention to every circumstance in the history, geography, and antiquities of every country where it is important that our government should be represented. It is to be hoped that the principle will be carried out, till our country shall be known everywhere as not less the liberal patron of learning and the arts, than the watchful guardian of a world-wide commerce."

#### THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

*Reports, &c., of the Smithsonian Institution, exhibiting its plans, operations, and financial condition up to January 1, 1849: from the third Annual Report of the Board of Regents. Presented to Congress, Feb. 19, 1849. Washington: Thomas Ritchie, printer.*

This pamphlet presents in a very clear light the aims of the Smithsonian Institution, and the means taken to arrive at them. We have before pointed out, in comments upon one of the publications of Professor Henry included in this pamphlet (*Lit. World*, No. 93), his interpretation of the twofold plan indicated or prescribed in the brief direction of the testator "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," by the illustration of the two sets of societies in England, as the Royal and Astronomical societies for the purposes of original research, and the Mechanics' Institutions, the Useful Knowledge society, &c., for the diffusion of learning. How were these two ends to be secured in the same institution, and without limitation of the objects of cultivation, the terms of the grant conveying no preferences? How reconcile literature and science; the studies of the few with the instruction of the many; the abstract and recondite with the popular and diffusive? There was much to be done, and the means were comparatively small where-with to accomplish it.

On reflection, the method adopted appears to us to be a perfect solution of the difficulty; simple in its outline, and, with faithfulness on the part of the Regents, likely to prove satisfactory to all in its results.

In the first place, for the increase of knowledge, provision has been made for original investigations in science, by prudently granting sufficient sums of money to facilitate the requisite processes, as in the case of Astronomical pursuits, which require time, patience, and some outlay to carry them on. To anticipate discoveries in this way is one of the most beneficial employments of a fund for the support of learning. An appropriation of one thousand dollars has thus been made for the commencement of a series of meteorological observations, with particular reference

to the phenomena of American storms. Instruments are furnished to observers in different parts of the country. The observations made will be incorporated in the publications of the society.

Alongside of investigations yet to be made, another and highly important aid to the increase of knowledge is the bringing to light original works, which, from their abstract character or the cost of production, would remain hidden from the world. To meet this claim the Institution undertakes, under certain circumstances, the publication of memoirs. These are to be substantial additions to knowledge, resting on original research. The quarto volume, as yet the only one published, meets these conditions. It is the memoir on the Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, prepared by Messrs. Squier and Davis. A second volume will include various astronomical and other scientific memoirs. In this series of the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge" will be included a bibliographical work, essential to the study of American history, comprising a description of all books relative to or published in America prior to the year 1700, with references to the libraries in which they may be found. Mr. Henry Stevens, the projector of this work, submitted his plan; various individuals of the requisite standing were consulted; and the Institution pledged itself to adopt the work as one of its publications, if on its completion it passed satisfactorily the usual reference to an adequate commission, well informed in the premises. On this undertaking Mr. Stevens has obtained aid from a number of gentlemen and institutions, whose libraries will be referred to for the preparation of his work. The work itself again will react upon the plans of the Institution, in the essential aid it will render in the formation of its library.

This library is a third distinct means of fulfilling the will of the founder in the increase of knowledge. We shall glance presently at some of the provisions made in this direction.

There remains the class of efforts making for the diffusion of knowledge. This is comprehensively provided for in the publication of a series of reports, giving an account of the progress of the different branches of knowledge in every part of the world. These are to be printed in a popular form, and widely disseminated. The report indicates their promised value. They are to be "above rather than below the average intelligence of the country," to start historically "from a given epoch," and, what will add vastly to their completeness and interest, "in most cases be preceded by a brief exposition of the previous state of each subject." If faithfully executed these tracts will accomplish for the future the desirable work of a history of human knowledge.

"Arrangements have been made for commencing some of these preliminary reports, as well as reports on the state of our knowledge of special subjects; among these are—

"1. A report on the present state of chemistry as applied to agriculture.

"2. A report on the forest trees of North America, giving their economical uses, their mode of propagation, and their history.

"3. A report on the present state of our knowledge of lightning, and the best means of guarding against accidents from its effects.

"4. A report on the late discoveries in astronomy.

"5. A report on meteorological instruments,

with practical observations and directions with reference to the use of them."

There is no restriction in this feature; every department, every art, every science, may come up in turn, or as occasion permits. For the honor of the country let them be faithfully executed or not at all! On the completion of the building, which it is expected will be by March, 1852, there will be the means for the delivery of courses of lectures which will at once promote "the increase and diffusion of knowledge."

For how great a variety of means has there been made ample provision without interference!

The separate report of Mr. Jewett, the Assistant Secretary and Librarian, is a paper of rare interest, not only in its exhibition of the immediate purposes of the Institution, but for its comparative view of the libraries of the world. This view is condensed in the following statistical table:—

Name of the Country.	Date of Statistics.	No. of Libraries.	Aggregate number of volumes.	No. of Libraries with over ten thousand volumes.	Average size of Libraries of over ten thousand volumes.	No. of volumes in the largest Libraries.	Comparative number of books to the population, No. to every million inhabitants.
Germany, including Austria and Switzerland.	1845	103	5,578,980	63	80,000	600,000	136,072
France	1844	941	4,771,000	131	35,000	800,000	145,000
Great Britain	1840	31	2,001,090	23	85,000	420,000	83,000
Russia	1843	130	1,321,115	16	69,000	404,000	62,000
United States of America	1847	182	1,294,009	43	17,000	70,000	62,000
Denmark	1840	13	600,000	5	123,000	230,000	153,000
Belgium	1841	31	614,752	1	100,000	100,000	130,000
Sweden	1841	16	354,557	5	57,000	130,000	30,000
Spain	1843	11	137,753	1	74,000	200,000	135,000
Norway	1842	14		1			

Mr. Jewett thus sums up the conclusions:—

"It will be seen that in the number of public libraries, France is the only country in the world which excels us. It should be observed that the returns respecting France are official and minute, including libraries of not more than 500 volumes. Many of our public schools, however, possess libraries larger than these, but they are not enumerated in our lists. If they were, they would swell the number of American libraries far beyond that of any other country in the world.

"In the aggregate number of volumes in public libraries, Germany, France, Great Britain, and Russia, are before us. Were all the district school libraries and village collections in the United States included in the estimate, we should probably take the fourth rank.



"In the average size of libraries containing over ten thousand volumes we are the last of all."

"In the size of the largest library we also stand last of all."

"In the number of volumes compared with the population, we rank below all but Russia and Spain."

"These results show that in public provisions for the general diffusion of knowledge by means of libraries, we stand in the very first rank among the nations; and when we consider the cheapness of our publications, and the vast number of them scattered over the land, with the extent of our periodical literature, we may justly and proudly challenge a comparison with any nation in the world for the means of general culture."

"But this deduction, so full of encouragement, so fraught with matter for gratulation and pride, must be followed by others of a different character."

"The statistics given indicate, that while no country in the world has done so much for diffusing knowledge, none has done so little towards furnishing the means which public libraries can supply for its increase."

The practical inference is obvious. A library of reference is needed for the United States, in which any important subject may be pursued through all its bearings and details. And such a library of reference is necessarily a large library. Popular classics, the hand-books of literature, will take care of themselves; what is wanted of benefit from a public institution, is a provision for books which there is no adequate motive to collect elsewhere.

To shorten the process of collecting in the country a library of rarity for reference the Institution will, in the first instance, prepare a thorough bibliographical catalogue of the books in the leading collections of the country, note the deficiencies, and make their first purchases thus with reference to the actual wants of the country. A collection of books on bibliography, 3000 in number, is now making—a map of the future Library.

We have thus sketched, from the materials before us, the outline of the methods adopted to carry out the liberal design of Mr. Smithson. It is important that the public should have a clear comprehension of the Institution in its necessary development and actual working condition. All interested may thus discover at a glance the nature of the opportunities offered by it from which they may profit, whether their capacity be that of teachers or taught. It is an institution thoroughly cosmopolitan in its character, where the science of all nations may find aid and protection. Already the disasters of Europe have led to a suggestion of the employment of a portion of its resources for the promotion of a work, from a city which has been more than any other the home of such liberal enterprises. Dr. Henry tells us—"the manuscript volumes on natural history of one of the most distinguished professors of the Jardin des Plantes are offered to us for publication in the Smithsonian Contributions for no remuneration, save a few copies for distribution among friends. Were the Institution fully in operation I should not hesitate, in accordance with the liberality which should characterize an establishment founded on the bequest of a foreigner, to recommend the adoption of these memoirs for publication at the expense of the Institution, and perhaps we might now distribute them through several of our volumes and finish the publication of them in the course of a few years." This is in the spirit of the bequest, "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

It is satisfactory to learn from the Report

the financial condition of the Institution. The fund received by the United States on the 1st September, 1838, was \$515,169. The interest up to July 1, 1846, \$242,129, was appropriated as a building fund, when at that date the funds were placed by act of Congress under the direction of the Board of Regents. "The committee are confident that by continuing the system of finance recommended by the committee and adopted by the Board of Regents at their last annual session, the building can be completed and the Institution be put into full operation at the end of three years from March next, without withdrawing more than \$100,000 from the fund of \$242,169 set apart by Congress for buildings, &c., leaving the residue, \$142,000, to be added to the amount of the original bequest of Smithson, and making the permanent fund of the Institution \$657,000, yielding an annual income of \$39,420 (which may thereafter be readily increased to \$40,000 per annum), for the increase and diffusion of knowledge."

#### THE POTTLETON LEGACY.

*The Pottleton Legacy: a Novel of Town and Country Life.* By Albert Smith. Carey & Hart. 1849.

WE have had this novel lying before us for some time, as puzzled to know how to speak of it as a needy pedagogue at Christmas may be to reply to the inquiries concerning Master Dobson's excellences, forwarded per post by his dotting parents. It is such a queer collection of rhetorical sentences, metaphors, scenes, and characters. There are in it passages something like the quiet, questioning humor of Lamb; something of the lazy pencillings of Leigh Hunt, just out of an omnibus or returned from a cattle show; something of the rollicking humor of Marryatt; much of what may be termed "Saddlers' Wells' pleasantry;" occasionally a Hookish straining after a joke; now and then a bit of Punch, and all over inklings of the descriptive, so graphic and telling, you wonder almost if they are not stolen from Dickens's portfolio. You read the book through, and instinctively muse as to its manner of production. Did its author draw an architectural plan of it with rule and compass? Such a book (edifice), with so many chapters (rooms) of such a size, to be filled with such furniture (dotting it down); and adhere rigidly, as pen and ink trowelled and "bricked away" at the English language, to the proposed design and specification? Did he write various sketches, variously named, shake them in a sieve, and then reduce to the consistency of a metropolitan press tale? What was his diet as he wrote? Where did he write?

Answer these questions as you can, friendly reader. And hold, as we have held, a private opinion on the matter.

As a whole, "the Pottleton Legacy" is no novel. It is but a series of sketches wired together. Looked upon as sketches they are capital, and furnish decidedly some of the most amusing and racy reading of the season. Description is Mr. Albert Smith's forte. We see it in his "Natural History of the Gent" and in his "Physiologies of Society," "Christopher Tadpole," etc. He seems to be conscious of it. And it is well there is no attempt by him to work up the intense or beget the exciting; for give him a scene however trifling, a character however unimportant, and away dashes his pen, leaving plot and character to amuse themselves tarrying by the way side; and one naturally sees how provoking this would be to lovers of this same intense and ex-

citing. Does his hero journey on a railroad, you see every bit of the way, are introduced to all the remarkable personages in the train, and become cognisant of all the haps and mishaps attending steam propulsion. Have you reached London, you seem to get acquainted with all the most ridiculous places, scenes, and people about it. To this, in the present instance, we confess a liking. We linger over the description, and travel by the merely narrative with more haste, but with a passing laugh.

There is a fine history of a railroad opening in an interior town, with a graphic sketch of the doings and sayings common to so interesting an occasion, that is well worth the reading in these our days of line openings and terminus excursions. The hackneyed "Derby day" is very artistically treated. You view London through the spectacles of "an about town man." You visit publishers and writers under the guidance of one who is an old stager. You flit from England to France and back again in the shortest time, but have gathered much of amusement on the route.

The author has gone on a Mediterranean tour, and duly announces the fact in a very self-complacent preface. He has been over a dozen years the servant of the London literary public and now goes abroad for relaxation, is the syllabus of it. As you read you think of the convict who after years of servitude obligingly left his P. P. C. on the keeper's table, and requested remembrances. Albert Smith has produced during his metropolitan literary servitude many agreeable things; but he has horribly bored the world at other times. London could have taken leave of him with a less flourish of trumpets and waving of handkerchiefs upon his part.

#### MACAULAY AND HIS REVIEWERS.

THE last number of the Edinburgh Review contains an article on Macaulay's History. From internal evidence it is attributed, and with great probability, to Jeffrey, who has come forward with a calm and judicial summing up of the various points that have been stated affecting Macaulay's character as an impartial and credible writer. In the Historian the reviewer recognises the champion of the Old Whig Doctrines of 1688, destined finally to disperse the mists of sentimental Jacobitism, which, originating with the party and personal feelings of Hume, gained enlarged currency when adopted and graced by the genius of Scott, "who gave a local and abiding reality to the received perversions of history," till the stern truths on which both parties in the state were agreed, so long as the questions at stake were real and practical, were obscured and misapprehended.

"Now one great triumph Mr. Macaulay has gained for this and for future generations is, that he has dispersed for ever this brood of distempered fancies. From the broad and searching light of truth which he has poured in they have shrunk and crept away, never more to profane that sacred temple of constitutional liberty:

*'Celerique fugi sub sidera lapsae  
Semesan prædam et vestigia fæda relinquant.'*

"He has brought back the public mind, with a bold and irresistible grasp, to sound, wholesome English views of the great crisis of our constitutional rights,—cleansing our history from the mass of rubbish and falsehood by which it had been obscured, and sweeping into eternal forgetfulness the sickly sentiment which still hung round the memory of a race of incorrigible kings. He has restored the much-abused term of loyalty to its true signification—allegiance to the laws and constitution, and high magistracy of the realm;

and extinguished, as we hope and believe for ever, the childish adoration of the mere abstraction or impersonation of loyalty."

The peculiarities that distinguish this History from all our other works in the same class of composition are well brought out. Its intense earnestness, its glowing sense of reality, and "its great excellence, the masterly adaptation of known facts to a connected and systematic vein of the History they compose, and the bearing of that History on the future fortunes of the country."

As was to be expected, notice is taken of the attack by the Quarterly Reviewer on Macaulay,—sufficient instances of sheer blundering are given to justify our remark at the time that the critic himself was open to much of the correction he attempted to administer. It may gratify the admirers of that article (and we have heard of such) to know that the only matter of fact error pointed out in it was, that Sir Winston Churchill is called a Baronet when he was only a Knight, "and this error was corrected in 4000 copies in full circulation three months before this critique saw the light." That the writer is anything but a professed eulogist the following extract from the conclusion of the review, where the faults which a friendly critic might point out are discussed, will show:—

"As to the substance of the work, there is but one fault which strikes us as important—and that would be a serious one, were it not tempered and chastised in our author by a logical head, an accurate memory, and an instinctive love for fair play. His talent for description sometimes gets the better of him; and although he neither invents nor imagines incidents, it now and then happens that he loads a fact with more inferences and accessories than it can easily sustain. We have alluded to this before: and though we do not think that the ultimate impression conveyed can in any instance be justly said to be exaggerated, he at times colors his picture more from his inward reflection than the outward fact. His chapter on the customs and society of England in the seventeenth century may afford an example of what we mean—where he has dashed off a picturesque conclusion, which we are not satisfied was always in nature quite so striking in all its features. This, perhaps, arises in some respects from the materials with which he was there obliged to work: his description being the concentrated reflection of rays borrowed from satirists, and caricaturists, and writers of fiction, with whom truth is always subservient to point and vivacity of effect. It is right, however, to say that the defect we refer to occurs much more rarely in his narrative, and never when the occasion is important; and the discussion on the manners and habits of the time, though a graceful and almost necessary accompaniment to the narrative, may be supposed to admit of bolder speculation than the more austere parts of the volume. It is necessary, too, to bear in mind, in criticisms of this nature, that, unless allowance is made for our different points of view and for our different estimates of the relative importance of different particulars, nobody would be safe in describing an event or drawing a character."

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

**THE Practical Elocutionist**, just issued by PUTNAM, from the hands of PROFESSOR HOWS of Columbia College, is really what its name imports—a book entirely free from the tenacious and burdensome pedantry which has, for the most part, hitherto held possession of the art. Butler's satire—

For all a Rhetorician's rules  
Teach nothing but to name his tools,

might be applied with as much point to the

elocutionists. They have delivered lectures on motion with the old philosophers, while the whole problem might be solved by simply walking. The motive power is in the man, not in the system. Professor Hows, though an instructor for fifteen years of the art in which, as in his other pursuits, he has secured the warm respect of the public, has not grown pragmatical in its use. He knows the value of rules and precepts, of a well-bestowed hint upon a careless or ignorant public speaker, of those laws of the voice which a Webster could not break with impunity, yet he looks to nature first, and the root of the matter, the thought before its utterance, for light to discover all their conditions. His summing up at the close of the Preface is the healthy basis of his system: "By observing the manner in which the several passions and feelings are expressed in real life, by acquiring the faculty of imitating these expressions in the delivery of selected passages, and above all by the cultivation of our perceptive faculties with direct reference to elocutionary expression—these are the certain methods by which a natural, graceful, and impressive mode of delivery is to be acquired." In pursuance of these just and liberal convictions, Prof. Hows, after a simple and straightforward exhibition of the leading elocutionary terms, introduces an extensive and varied Selection of Readings, which are made with great discretion, covering every variety of intonation, and disclosing, by suggestion at least, the different forms of literature. Some two-thirds of the selections are new; the rest, wisely, we think, are old. Books of this kind, in general use, are a kind of connecting link between the tastes of different generations which we would not see broken. Collins' "Ode to the Passions," Thomson's "Universal Hymn," Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," and the like, are not to be belowed out even by Wordsworth or Macaulay. There is, too, a large share of American literature, which holds its place well in the book.

Apart from its peculiar recommendations, there are a freshness and interest in the selections of this work which will render it popular with pupils as well as teachers.

**The Magic of Kindness; or, the Wondrous Story of the Good Huan**, by the BROTHERS MAYHEW (HARPERS, publishers), is a kind of running commentary on the good deeds of benevolence and philanthropy which have been consummated in the world, by the Howards, the Frys, the missionaries of the East and West Indies. These are vividly presented to the youthful mind through the machinery of a fairy tale. The malignant powers of Revenge, and the sunlight of Forgiveness, are the contrasted agencies at work in the world. The deeds of the Good Huan (whose early life is finely conceived, as a prelude to what follows) are founded on fact, and amply supported by historical references at the foot of the page. The authors claim to be no novices in teaching this *creed of kindness*,—one of them "having founded, and originally edited the periodical entitled 'Punch,' upon the same principle." Cruikshank and Kenny Meadows are named on the title page as the illustrators, but we have been able to detect in the engravings only the sharply pointed stile of the latter.

A large paper edition of "Lacon," the modern father of the Proverbialists, has appeared to meet the demand for libraries, published by GOWANS in Fulton Street. The epigrammatic philosopher certainly looks more imposing than ever on this ample page, an

occasional platitude being protected by the breadth of margin, as the conversation of rich men in fine clothes is of so much more consequence than the better sayings of poor devils. Colton, the author, knew far too much of the world and a great deal of himself, an unhappy combination for his own happiness; which, in the end, brought him to an untimely death and suicide. His maxims, however, gained point at this terrible cost, and their reflection of actual life, making allowances for literary fashion, is undoubtedly the secret of their continued popularity.

A writer may be considered to have reached the height of his reputation when the boys and girls read him in a school-book. This is a distinction rarely accorded to a living writer, and it is still more seldom that we find such an entire volume made up from the books of a single author. Washington Irving has this honor in the *Crayon Reading Book*, a neat volume just issued by PUTNAM, filled with miscellaneous passages from the Sketch Book, Life of Columbus, Bracebridge Hall, Tales of a Traveller, &c., which are henceforth to entice the youthful mind along the pathway of knowledge. The gentle Geoffrey Crayon assumes the post of Ichabod Crane, but without the ferula. He must be a very incorrigible urchin who shall ever get flogged in all time to come over the Crayon Reading Book. What a gratification to an author it should be that he has hid no boy-traps in the intricacies of his style, or sowed a crop of pedant tyrants in the obscurity of his ideas. Writers who anticipate becoming classic should take this into account, and make friends of the young. It is the surest way to secure the old.

The selections of the "Crayon Reader" are mostly descriptive and of the more serious cast. We have seen a similar volume published in Paris, of "Beauties," but the passages were too brief. The present is well made up (it would be hard to go amiss), and noticeable in the vein of sentiment which runs through it. It is a book to make the young observant and kind-hearted.

The rapid extension of popular ideas and practices in favor of the now obvious but formerly much neglected habit of frequent bathing, has undoubtedly been greatly fostered by the water-cure system of medical treatment. No sound member of the faculty ever had any doubts of the virtues of a carefully nurtured skin; but the popular mind rarely gets fixed on a subject till it comes with the force of a single idea. In this way a monomania or a specific has its merits. It cuts down admirably into an old-fashioned truism. To the much good done by the water preachers a new book edited by Dr. HOUGHTON, and published by PUTNAM, *Bulwer and Forbes on the Water-Treatment*, will add more. It preserves Bulwer's celebrated magazine article, in which he narrated his constitutional repairs at Malvern; adds a paper from the British and Foreign Medical Reviews by Dr. Forbes; a couple of chapters from Dr. Wilson's highly valuable Treatise on a Healthy Skin, with a few useful references by the editor.

Apropos to this subject, GEO. H. DERBY & Co., Buffalo, have just issued the eighth edition of Dr. ANDREW COMBE'S *Universal Guide to Health, by a rational course of food and diet*, a work of approved utility, in which the reader will find, with many other considerations, a special account of the celebrated dietetic and gastric experiments of Dr. Beaumont. Those



who would understand the philosophy of the precepts forced upon their attention at the present time by Boards of Health and their own experience, would do well to look into this volume.

A bulky pamphlet on the Astor Place Riot, mostly filled with a reprint of articles and documents previously published, has been issued by Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND. It is entitled *A Rejoinder to the Replies from England, &c., by an American Citizen*. It is violent in its denunciations of an alleged aristocracy in the matter, and represents the partisans of two actors as identified in some way or other with the political parties of the country! In both these suppositions we think the writer is very evidently laboring under an error. We regret that any one signing himself an American Citizen should seek to disseminate the absurd and criminal notion of an hostility of castes in this country. It reminds us of a bit of street conversation which actually took place on the night of the riot. A brawling youth who was encouraging the disturbance, was addressed by a plain old gentleman of the school of Benjamin Franklin in terms of expostulation. The young fellow, worsted in the argument, but mistaking his man, and thinking to gain the advantage with the bystanders in a cheap and easy way, shouted out, "At any rate I am an American citizen." "I am very sorry to hear it," replied his antagonist, in a very quiet way, "for I am an American citizen myself!"

Numbers 33 and 34 of *Sharpe's London Magazine* for June and July (imported and for sale by VIRTUE, 26 John St.), appear to us to hit, as exactly as possible, the true medium for a popular family magazine. There are illustrations of steel and wood of some interesting landscape or locality, or of some passage from the Poets; the fiction is abundant, and of quality good enough to furnish some of the most admired reprints of the day: there are well selected books reviewed, clever essays, and an infusion of contemporary matter, with frequent carefully prepared articles popularizing matters of science. The clever domestic story just published by the Appletons, of "The Maiden Aunt," appeared originally in *Sharpe*, and there is another now going on from the same pen, entitled "Story of a Family." "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," which is going the rounds of the papers, is also published originally in this magazine. Among its writers we notice too, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, who "developes" Shakespeare's soldiers; Miss Pardoe, who furnishes a sketch from her traveller's portfolio; R. H. Horne, and others of approved standing.

#### A JOURNAL OF SUMMER TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

(Continued.)

THERE is nothing in which, we think, critics are more ungenerous than in their frequent imputations of plagiarism. To detect a modern author in the repetition of an old idea or a chance expression is an opportunity of exhibiting reading and acumen which would seem to be irresistible. To nine tenths of such clever discoveries not a man of sense in the world would attach the least importance. Most of those pointed out in learned notes of the poets are ingenious illustrations and of interest in tracing the operations of kindred minds, but as, what they are too often set forth to be, counterfeit detectors, the resemblances are

worthless. Yet the history of a fine passage may be traced frequently through successive authors; some engaged in plucking the precious stone from its native bed, who are entitled to the most honor even if their work retain some marks of its original rude and soiled accompaniments; while others set and re-set the gem in the fashion of their different times, for authors are very much milliners and jewellers, clothing old thoughts in new phrases and combinations. Mr. Wilmott, though ingenious in tracing a resemblance, is not unjust in his censures. His quotation from Burke opens a very liberal allowance:—"There is no faculty of the mind which can bring its energy into effect, unless the memory be stored with ideas for it to work on"—to which it might be added, that books are as allowed a means of inspiration as experience or observation. There must be original power to make anything of either. Mr. Wilmott's examples and reflections cover the question:—

#### THEFTS OF ORIGINAL AUTHORS.

"May 14th.—The earliest editor of Boswell's *Sermons* describes the writer to have been a diligent student of Tertullian, Chrysostom, and Augustine. But he looks on him as appropriating what he borrows, and being scarcely less original when he quotes than when he invents. This is only an exaggerated anticipation of Hall's panegyric of Burke's imperial fancy, 'laying all nature under tribute.' Such a mind translates an image into its own language, as we may learn from two of our poets: Cowley describes the equipment of Goliath, and Milton puts it into the hands of Satan:—

COWLEY.  
His spear the trunk was of a  
lofty tree,  
Which nature meant some  
tall ship's mast should be.

MILTON.  
His spear, to equal which  
the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills,  
to be the mast  
Of some high admiral, were  
but a wand,  
He walked with.

Here Milton heightens the picture by circumstances that impart to it the dignity of invention. The spear of the Devil is far grander than that of the Giant. It is the difference between the dialect of gods and men in the *Iliad*. We read the same lesson in Art. The eye of taste has long been familiar with the *Notte of Correggio*, and the flowing out of light from the Child into the Mother's face. The thought itself, however, was not new. In the Vatican fresco of St. Peter delivered from prison, Raffaele makes the lustre proceed from the angel. Correggio and Milton, therefore, are imitators alike, but their debts do not diminish their capital. Each carries large interest. I think the same allowance is due to Campbell and Rogers in the following verses; although, in the case of the second writer, a note of acknowledgment seems to be demanded. The passage from Campbell occurs in his description of Adam wandering restless through Paradise, before the creation of Eve:—

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that plighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

The last line is the most striking of the four, but it is at least twelve hundred years old. Luther quotes the phrase from St. Augustine:—"A marriage without children is the world without the sun." In the *Pleasures of Memory*, which inspired those of Hope, the perishing nature of that blessing is elegantly delineated:—

Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions fly;  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky,  
If but a beam of sober reason play,—  
Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away.

Compare these verses with Warburton's Inquiry into the Causes of Prodiges, as related by Historians, where he paints with singular force and beauty the fickleness of Sallust—at one time the advocate of public spirit, and at another sharing in the robberies of Cæsar: "No sooner did the warm aspect of good fortune shine out again, but all those exalted ideas of virtue and honor, raised like a beautiful kind of frost-work in the cold season of adversity, dissolved and disappeared."

"May 16th.—I called in the other day a little debt that has been owing, for a long time, from Mr. Rogers to Bishop Warburton. This morning I came upon another, which ought to stand in the name of the great poetical capitalist of the seventeenth century. Mr. Rogers, in his delightful fragment, *Human Life*, portrays the joyous indolence that sometimes creeps over us in youth, when there is balm in the blood as well as in the air:—

Yet, all forgot, how oft the eyelids close,  
And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose!

The last is a most exquisite line, altogether golden, but melted from Milton's ore; as may be seen by turning to the ninth book of *Paradise Lost*. Adam, waiting the return of Eve,

—had wove  
Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labors crown;

at length, weary of suspense, wondering at her long stay, and with a foreboding at his heart of coming evil, he goes forth in search of her, and meets her returning from the Tree of Knowledge, with a bough of fruit in her hand. Eve anticipates his questions by relating the history of her temptation. Adam shrinks back in astonishment and horror—

From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve  
Down drops, and all the faded roses shed.

Here, as in a verse of Mr. Rogers previously quoted, the elegance of the application lends a secondary kind of originality to the borrower. La Bruyère acutely remarked of Boileau, whose imitations are numerous, that he seemed to create the thoughts of other people—so ingenious are the turns which he gives to a simile or expression. He steals the metal, but the superscription is his own. We may never look upon a writer worthy of fame, and owing nothing to his ancestors. To speak in the unimprovable language of Dryden—"We shall track him everywhere in the snow of the ancients."

"June 1st.—One seldom reads Fontenelle in these swarming book-days; but what a charm there is in his works? His scientific portraits are so simple and life-like; and then how tasteful the frames—never gaudy, but setting off the complexion. Voltaire said that the ignorant understood, and the learned admired him. No French author has introduced more elegant turns of speech, or embellished a narrative with gracefuller images. His *Eloges* are models in their way. Speaking of the long illness of Malebranche, he calls him a calm spectator of his own death. The sketch of Leibnitz contains two or three choice touches. He says that to appreciate the extent of the philosopher's genius, we must 'decompose his character,' and survey it in its elements. In this *Eloge* has been discovered the original of a very beautiful image of modern geology—"Des coquillages pétrifiés dans les terres, des pierres où se trouvent des empreintes de poissons, ou de plantes, et même de poissons et de plantes, qui ne sont point du pays—médailles incontestables du Déluge." I met with an early theft of the metaphor in a letter from Henry Baker, the naturalist, to Dr. Dod-

dridge: 'And as ancient coins and medals struck by mighty princes, in remembrance of their exploits, are highly valued as evidences of such facts, no less ought these fossil marine bodies to be considered as medals of the Almighty, fully proving the desolation he has formerly brought upon the earth.'

"June 5th.—There is one passage in Langhorne so immeasurably superior to any other in his works, that the reader is disposed to transfer Gray's doubt, whether Nugent wrote his own ode.' It occurs in the Country Justice, at the close of an appeal on behalf of unfortunate vagrants:—

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore,  
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore,  
Who then no more by golden prospects led,  
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.  
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,  
Perhaps that mother wept her soldier slain;  
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew;  
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,  
Gave the sad presage of his future years,  
The child of misery baptized in tears.

"The last line is one of the most pathetic in poetry. In the Jesuit Bonhour's collection of Thoughts from the Fathers, I found the following apostrophe of St. Leon: 'Heureux vos larmes, saint Apostre, qui, pour effacer le peché que vous commisties en renonçant votre Maître, eurent la vertu d'un sacre baptême.' Donne (Serm. cxxxi.) has the same image: 'The tears themselves shall be the sign; the tears shall be ambassadours of joy; a present gladness shall consecrate your sorrow, and tears shall baptize and give a new name to your passion.' The coincidence deserves notice."

As a bit of rurality, of English village life, there is a vein of pleasantry in the next entry, with a spice of candor, which has a wider moral than its immediate application. How many uncharitable censures in the world might be checked by "a corresponding experiment?"

#### CHURCH MANNERS.

"May 28th.—Much amused with Fortune's Wanderings in China, the book for a wet day in the country. He has something to say, and says it. Gutzlaff had complained of the ill-behavior of the Chinese in their temples; the official persons taking no interest in the religious ceremony, but staring at the European strangers. Fortune doubts the general truth of the story, and recommends us to make a corresponding experiment in England. Let me sketch a scene. While the village choir is scraping into tune, the bassoon grumbles, and the flute breathes its first scream, let the church-doors open, and display, leisurely pacing up the chancel, and under the affrighted eyes of the clerk, a small-footed lady, with eyes to match, from Pekin; or a mandarin, a peacock-feather mounted in his hat, wearing a purple spencer embroidered with gold, a rosary of stones and coral round his neck, and a long tail, exquisitely braided, dangling down his shoulders. Imagine the apparition to seat himself in the pew of the squire; and then, by way of refreshment, to draw from the embroidered purse, always suspended at the girdle, a snuff-bottle of porcelain or colored glass, and lay a small portion of fragrant dust in the left hand, at the lower joint of the thumb. After these preliminaries, suppose him, with that inward sense of merit which may be recognised even in our parochial snuff-takers, to lift the pinch to his nose. Where have been the eyes of the congregation during these mystic ceremonies? I shall not presume to conjecture.

"In truth, appearances are not always to be trusted. A recent traveller in Canada was on a hunting excursion with a party of Indians; before retiring to sleep, all knelt in prayer,

rosary in hand. But the dogs, which, to increase their fierceness, had been kept fasting, came prowling into the cabin; and one happened to touch the heel of the Indian whose look was the devotest and most self-absorbed. He immediately turned round to eject the intruder; and showering on him a volley of French imprecations, finally drove him out with circumstances of peculiar indignity. Having accomplished this feat, he took a long pull at his pipe, and resumed his prayers."

But the moral element rises still higher in the considerations suggested by the train of thought picturesquely illustrated in the following:—

#### THE CHAIN OF COMPENSATIONS.

"May 25th.—I have been impressed by a remark of Professor Wilson, in Mill's History of India, that people who declaim against the tyranny of caste, should recollect its compensations. The caution need not be limited to the Hindus. Whatever be the varieties of human states and fortunes, some delicate turn of the balance makes them equal. The scale is in the hand of God. The thrush sings in the cottager's garden, and the skeleton hangs behind the gold tapestry. Even the mute creation clears up dark passages in the economy of the intellectual. For one gift bestowed, another is taken away. The bird of paradise has coarse legs. The eye of the bat is too weak for the gloom it inhabits; therefore the sense of touch is quickened; it sees with its feet, and easily and safely guides itself in the swiftest flight. The sloth has a similar provision. Look at it on the ground, and you wonder at the grotesque freaks of nature; but follow it up a tree; watch it suspending its body by the hooked toes, and swinging from bough to bough, and you perceive its organization to be exactly suited to its wants. Paley notices the same principle of compensation in the elephant and crane. The short unbending neck of the first receives a remedy in the flexible trunk; the long legs of the second enable it to wade where the structure of its feet prevents it from swimming.

"The changes of light and shade are tempered to insect sensibility. In the deserts of the Torrid Zone, the setting sun calls up myriads of little creatures, that would perish in its full brightness; while, in the wintry solitudes of the north, sunset is the signal for repose. The lesson of compensation is taught by the humming of flies along the hedges. The flutterer of a day has no reason to complain of the shortness of its life. It was a thought of Malebranche, that the ephemera may regard a minute as we look upon a year. The delusion is its recompense.

"And if we turn to the history and fortunes of men, a long series of balances keeps opening on the eye. The ear alone might be a motto for an essay. In South America, a cicada is heard a mile; a man only a few yards. Kirby has calculated that, if the voice increased in volume proportionably to the size of the body, it would resound over the world. Every inch must deepen the thunder; and two giants might converse with ease from the North Pole and the Ganges. The slightest enlargement of stature would be watched with apprehension; and an island with one man of seven feet in it be altogether uninhabitable. Pope did not forget this providential adaptation of the organ to happiness:—

If Nature thundered in his opening ears,  
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,  
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still  
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill.

Who will complain that he is more inaudible than the grasshopper?

"Man has another compensation in the fineness of his ear. Dugald Stewart remarked of the warbling of birds, that it gives pleasure to none of the quadrupeds; nor is it even certain if the music of one species gratifies another. Who ever heard a sparrow pause in his impetuous chirp, because a lark sprang wavering into song above his head? There is no reason to suppose that the owl considers his hooting in any degree less agreeable than the chant of the nightingale. If, therefore, we have a fainter tongue, let us look for and find our balance in a more sensitive hearing.

"We see a sublime illustration of the theory in the nature and teaching of our religion.

"The Bible is a history of compensation. The prophecies of the New Covenant were uttered in seasons of depression—at the fall of Adam, the separation of Abraham, the bondage of Israel, the giving of the Law by Moses, the captivity of Babylon. Cloud and rainbow appear together. There is wisdom in the saying of Feltham, that the whole creation is kept in order by discord, and that vicissitude maintains the world. Many evils—many blessings. Manna drops in the wilderness—corn grows in Canaan. Rarely two blessings, or two trials, console or afflict us at the same time. Human life is the Prophet's declaration drawn out into examples:—'God stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind.'

"And one curious and beautiful feature of the Divine scheme of compensation is seen in its changing our sorrows into instruments and channels of joy and comfort. The curtailed chamber of sickness sows the barren field with flowers. A sick man seated in his garden, or tottering down a green lane for a few minutes, might suppose himself transported into the morning and sunlight of creation:—

The common air, the earth, the skies,  
To him are opening Paradise.

"Plato relates that Socrates, on the day of his death, being in the company of his disciples, began to rub his leg, which had been galled by the chain, and mentioned the pleasurable sensation in the released member. The Greek prison represents the world; the philosopher, the Christian; the fetters, the calamities of life. When one of these is loosened, the soul experiences a feeling of delight. It is the leg of Socrates unchained. The iron enters into the soul, and afterwards the wound is healed. St. Paul tells the Corinthians, that when he came to Macedonia his flesh had no rest; without, were fightings; within, were fears; but God comforted him by 'the coming of Titus.' So it is ever.

"The future of a man is his recompense; something is promised which he desired; or something is withdrawn of which he complained. Hope is the compendium of compensation. The Eskimo, who numbers among his treasures a plank of a tree, cast by the ocean currents on his desolate shores, sees in the moon plains overshadowed by majestic forests; the Indian of the Oroonoko expects to find in the same luminary green and boundless savannas, where people are never stung by moschittos. Thus the chain of compensation encircles the world."

(To be Continued.)

#### RETIREMENT.

I have heard some say,  
Men are ne'er less alone than when alone,  
Such power hath meditation.

Old Dramatist.



## Correspondence.

FRANCONIA NOTCH, N. H., Aug. 6, 1849.

WE are housebound this morning by rain and fog. The rain is pattering down on the roof of the piazza (or pizarro, as I heard a man call a similar one) in front of my window, the stumps in the field opposite look black and wretched, the trees seem shivering in the cold wind, and further prospect is bounded by the fog which covers the tops of the mountains, as it pours down through the gap above the house as from an inexhaustible reservoir, while on the opposite side we have glimpses of blue sky, and the very satisfactory conjecture of the landlord, that a mile beyond (in the wrong direction) it is fine, clear weather. Our old friend of the Mountain is of course invisible, and our only resources are a ten-pin alley, the boards of which are laid in the manner of an ordinary floor, each one moreover having an angle of its own, a backgammon board, contemporary literature in the greasy pages of the traveller's Album, or classical in the condensed, double columns of Chambers's Cyclopædia. All these are in requisition by others; and in addition to the rolling of the balls and rattling of the dice, the ear is occasionally saluted by a blast from a long tin horn, that inseparable adjunct to lionized mountains, Alpine or American.

I had a superabundance of spare time, after leaving you on Wednesday afternoon, at the dépôt in Canal street, where there is a commendable contrivance in the shape of a dial-plate over the ticket-seller's desk, surmounted by this inscription—"The next train starts at," the remainder of the sentence being supplied by the hands of the dial. Another improvement over the other roads consists in the names of the places at which the train stops being printed on the backs of the tickets, with the distance of each from New York. The station houses along the road are very elegant, though plain, being uniformly of wood, with ornamental gables, projecting eaves supported by spandrels, and other indications of good taste in construction. They formed very pleasant pictures, with the groups of well dressed, pleasant people, with their neat carriages, awaiting their friends from the city. The station at New Haven is the finest building in the city, and one of the best of its kind, probably, on either side of the water. It is in the Lombard style with a campanile, all of brick, wisely left unpainted, as if it was not ashamed to show what it is made of.

We had a pleasant stroll through the magnificent elms in the evening, and retired early to be ready for a start at five in the morning.

Our next stage brought us to Springfield, where we remained until afternoon, breakfasting and dining at Warrener's, that hotel of enviable gastronomic fame, never more justly acquired. The chef of the establishment, in the words of an old epitaph of one of his calling I remember in an old book—

"Well knows the arts  
Of pies, puddings, and tarts"—

those dainties, I should imagine, from their excellence and profusion, being his strong points. His enthusiasm, for such he must possess, seems to communicate itself to the waiters, one of whom in answer to a question said that it "was getting on towards dinner," as if he divided the day dietetically only. There is a beautiful rural cemetery at Springfield. The most tasteful monument I saw was a Gothic Cross of brown stone, in memory of George Bancroft's first wife.

We had a delightful ride, barring the usual

railway annoyances, to Brattleborough, where we remained until Saturday morning. It is the most romantic village I have seen in New England, and I know the region pretty thoroughly.

The main street runs along a level space on the side of a hill, entered at one end by the road leading from the river and railway station beside it, and rounding off on the other to a grassy space in the fork of two roads, which commands a most beautiful view of overlapping mountains. Our landlord was the Hon. Mr. —, not an M.C., but a judge, I believe; the host on the other side of the way was a captain. There was a third hotel, half way down the hill, of Grecian architecture (with variations), having a very high pediment, with three full-sized oblong windows, with green blinds, supported by short punchy columns. It was called the Phoenix, and its squat appearance suggested the idea of a Phoenix who had not quite made up his mind whether to rise from his ashes or not.

We attended Congregational meeting on Fast day morning. The minister commenced his prayer by congratulating his hearers that they were not called together at the command of a Pope or a Bishop,—an odd combination, showing a strong leaven of the old Parnassianism.

The water-cure establishment is a rambling combination of two or three old farmhouses, with modern additions and rustic piazzas. It looked very pleasant, with the walks surrounding it, cut through the woods by the proprietor for the benefit of his patients, who have to restore by exercise the caloric abstracted by their ablutions and soakings. The walks are systematically arranged into circuits of various lengths, but at no sacrifice of the picturesque. The patients appeared to be amusing themselves much like the people in a hotel at a watering place. It was pleasant to see so many very clean (albeit somewhat bleached) people together. The place was selected for the establishment on account of the excellence of the water, which was delightful.

The railroad from Brattleborough to Walpole, twenty-four miles, is not yet open, so that part of the journey is made by stage, a not unpleasant change from the now almost universal rail-car. From Walpole the railroad is open to Wells River, a long stretch of over eighty miles, and within twenty of Littleton. We intended to have reached here on Saturday night, but as we did not reach Littleton until eight, the evening being rainy, and none but an uncovered wagon to be had to take us on, we decided in favor of the host of the Union's creature comforts for our Sunday's halt.

We found a good specimen of a New England landlord in our host, a man who took and gave a joke, and passed our time very pleasantly.

There was a collection in the afternoon, which the minister thus announced—"Deacon Giles and Mr. Baxter will please circulate for the collection." The village choir was equal to that in the Sketch-Book. One heavy-faced youth held a very small hymn-book before his eyes at arm's length, conducting the performance with invincible gravity.

We took a stroll by the river in the morning, when Mr. Smith distinguished himself by catching a fish 13 inches long with his hand, as the fellow was lying snugly in a deep rocky pool.

We started off at three this morning, and rode over here in about three hours. The hotel has been enlarged to treble the size it

was some ten years since, and there is a new house at the "Flume." There is a great nest of travellers here this summer, partly on account of the Cholera driving people to the mountains, partly from the saving of time and money effected by the railways. Over 50 dined here to-day, and 200 one day last week at Fabyan's.

NEWPORT, Aug. 8, 1849.

EVERY one who comes here commences conversation on the climate. I have never enjoyed mere animal existence so intensely as during the last fortnight. The mornings and evenings are the perfection of time. I shall never forget the morning walks on the rocky shores at the southern extremity of this Island. The wide and great sea, the bold jutting shores, the distant Block Island—the arms of the sea running round the Island, and the well cultivated farms and noble old orchards—and then the picturesque Dump-ling, and its frowning yet magnificent neighbor, Fort Adams,—all form a variety of walk and scenery which would reanimate any old pedestrian, especially one who has trotted over South Wales and Normandy, and claims acquaintance with every mile upon the Isle of Wight, and can tell of sundry exploits elsewhere. I am surprised to see how few visitors here are pedestrians. Every one affects the carriage. For objects of visit there are, within some few miles, an awful chasm in the cliffs called Purgatory,—the Glen, a most exquisite bit of scenery, which foreign artists pronounce to be admirable,—or the frowning cliffs, where the amiable enthusiast Berkeley loved to study, and near to which is the house in which he dwelt and wrote his "Minute Philosopher."

I have been at a Review at the Fort, and it was quite an affair. There were about 400 men under arms, including the Light Artillery under the command of Major Sherman, who displayed so much ability at Buena Vista. The head of the regiment here is Colonel Gates.

Really this fine old town has its attractions. I like its old streets and venerable gables, and its noble old Trinity Church, with its square pews, and the organ which good Berkeley gave to the parish, and which I heard most admirably played by a Mr. Taylor. The Sunday mornings here are quite gala days; every one goes to church, and I have seen very gay and fashionable audiences at Trinity, and the pure Gothic church of the Baptists. I have been greatly delighted with the Redwood Library, a building in the style of Grecian architecture, a very charming temple, and embowered in a befitting shrubbery. This was endowed more than one hundred years ago by Abraham Redwood, a native of Bristol, England; it has about 6000 volumes—a capital collection of books. Here, too, are some fine paintings of Copley, Stuart, King, and others; among the portraits are Webster, King, Calhoun, Redwood, &c., &c. This institution is owned in shares, and is deservedly highly valued by the people of the town. Dr. Channing, who was a native of this place, always spoke of Redwood Library and the sea shore as having been the scenes of his best studies, and the places where his character was formed. The celebrated Malbone, the miniature painter, was born here, and in Newport still remains his greatest performance, a group styled the Hours.

I have spent some pleasant hours in another library in this town at the residence of a clergyman. Its accumulation has been the work

of years, and he has now around him a collection such as very few men in our country possess. It is rich in works upon our own history, and especially upon the Puritans and Nonconformists, while the noble folios of the English Church are all in their places. Early specimens of printing, rare autographs, and splendid presentation copies, with works of illustration, are abundant. I suppose this library cannot be less than 5000 volumes. Here, too, the owner showed me a "painting of Shakspeare, by Vandyke;" this is in truth an admirable cabinet picture, and would excite attention in England. Its history is curious. It had been in the family of the late Mr. Ellery more than 150 years. Large offers have been made to the present possessor, but he declines parting with it. This gentleman has a rare little collection of antiquities and matters of curiosity—among them is a magnificent gold medal struck by Napoleon on his marriage with Maria Louisa in 1810; an oil miniature of Louis Philippe, and antiques from Herculaneum, &c., &c.

The town is now presenting a very gay appearance. The Bellevue is full to overflowing, so is the Ocean House, and the Atlantic nearly full; they are all fine houses, and are this season kept very satisfactorily to their inmates. A large convention of gentlemen interested in the protection of industry is now in session at the Ocean House. Among the members are the Collector of Boston, Mr. Abbot Lawrence, Mr. S. Draper, Mr. C. Hudson, Mr. Simmons, and a number of business men from Pennsylvania. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster are soon expected to visit Newport, and a season of unusual attraction is anticipated. I am glad to say most of the visitors intend making a long season, and the fine weather of September will be enjoyed by many of them.

VIATOR.

BUFFALO, Aug. 3d, 1849.

MESSRS. EDS.—In a previous communication I referred to the Medical University of this city, and hinted that I might speak of it again. This I will now do: though a short paragraph is all I shall devote to it. The new college edifice, which is located on the corner of Main and Virginia streets, somewhat over a mile from the foot of the former, is a structure 56 by 100 feet, not including the porch, and four stories high. The style of architecture is Romanesque. The walls are constructed of the well-known Lockport red free stone, unhewn and unpolished, rendering the building unique in appearance. The several and spacious apartments for lectures, dissection, museum, &c., are tastily modelled, and are being elegantly finished; and in its whole interior arrangements it is probably as well adapted to the purposes of medical instruction as any other building of the same character in the country. It will be completed in about two months.

Within a few rods of the new college is situated the Buffalo Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, a building 70 feet front by 50 in width. It is to be immediately enlarged by the addition of a new edifice, by which its capacity will be doubled. An appropriation of \$9000 was made by the State Legislature for that purpose, during the last session.

DR. FOOTE, the new *Chargé de Bogota*, is not a politician merely, but a man of high literary attainments. By constant and close application to the duties of his profession as a journalist, for the last thirteen or fourteen years, he has familiarized himself with almost every

subject in the range of literature; has kept up an acquaintance with the older sciences, and watched the development and growth of the new, till his fund of general intelligence is probably surpassed by none in our city, and by few in the State. The new country for which he is about to start will doubtless be found replete with subjects congenial to his facile pen; and letters may be looked for which will be of general interest to his countrymen, and will add attractions to the columns of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, the editorial chair of which paper he has just resigned, but an interest in which he still retains.

The book trade, like every other, is exceedingly dull just at this time. The Cholera continues to prevail, and has a tendency to stagnate business in all commercial cities like Buffalo. I have just returned from a visit to Detroit, Milwaukee, and Chicago, and found things in the same state there as with us. I met the epidemic in all those cities, though there have been, and are, but few cases per day in the first two. The crops are good at the West, and business must revive here by the first of next month. By that time I hope to have some literary intelligence of interest to announce. Yours,

J. C.

### What is Talked About.

—The name of ALBERT GALLATIN is to be added to the Obituary of 1849. At the remarkable age of eighty-eight, retaining his faculties to the close, this venerable scholar and statesman is gathered to the Fathers of the Republic. That was a memorable American career which began with an introduction to Franklin in 1780, and closed nearly seventy years later, amid the universal respect of the great and powerful third generation. The life of Gallatin was spent in constant activity. Born in Switzerland; educated at Geneva with Dumont; in his early days an instructor in French at Harvard, a colonist in western Pennsylvania, Member of Congress, Secretary of the Treasury (when the office was no sinecure) under Jefferson, Commissioner at Ghent, Minister to France; in his last peaceful days President of the New York Historical Society, his interest in public questions, in Antiquities, in Literature, unabated to the end; we know few higher pictures of an honorable and useful career. The bonhomie, the natural spirit of kindness, the sagacity, the powers of memory displayed, until quite recently, at the meetings of the Historical Society, will always be remembered by those who witnessed them. His life belongs to the History of his adopted country, and will always be preserved in that record.

—The Paris Correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette* introduces the subject of International Copyright, with a statement that should commend itself to American Interests. The movement on the part of Belgian authors is parallel with the expression of the feeling of our own writers in the premises, which has been made again and again, in repeated petitions to Congress. When our legislators discover that International Copyright is a principle of the civilized world, universally admitted between the European States, they may acknowledge the conclusive reasonings of our home authors. Come from what quarter it may, any recognition of the question must be fruitful in results beyond. We hail, therefore, the agitation of the matter

in Belgium, which has now an opportunity to redeem itself from the odium of the policy not long since sanctioned by King Leopold, who congratulated the country on this profitable species of pillage—from French authors.

"Belgian authors and artists have begun to bestir themselves against the abominable system of literary and artistic piracy, which makes their country the scandal of Europe. They have addressed a long petition to the Chamber of Deputies, in which they set forth the many evils, moral and political, which result from this atrocious system; one of the principal being, that it causes Belgium to be so deluged with cheap reprints of French works, that it is impossible for her to have a literature or art of her own. The petition has been most favorably received by the Chamber, and has by its orders been referred to the ministers of foreign affairs and the interior, with directions that measures shall be taken to carry into effect its prayer.

"The crushing of literary piracy in Belgium would be of immense advantage to France, as there is scarcely a French publication of any merit or popularity which is not pirated over and over again—the English themselves are not more scandalously pillaged in the United States. To our publishers and authors, also, the annihilation of this nuisance would be of no small importance, for they too have greatly suffered by it. Let us hope that French, English, and Belgian will now unite in demanding the suppression of a system which is a public scandal, and the cause of immense pecuniary loss. The interest of all is alike in nature and almost in degree; and all must feel the same desire to vindicate morality, and free their respective countries from reproach."

—THE SOCIETY LIBRARY has recently received several important accessions to its already valuable collections of foreign literature. The folio "Gallery of Versailles," D'Agincourt's "Fine Arts," and the Napoleon work on "Egypt" are among the number.

—The necessary preliminaries to the opening of the ASTOR LIBRARY are advancing as rapidly as consistent with sound enterprise. The plans are nearly completed, ground will be broken immediately, and the foundation laid the present season. The collection of books already made is about *Twenty thousand*, numbering many of great rarity, cost, and usefulness in the Arts and Sciences.

—The English journalists, at this dull season of the year when the trade list offers them very little of home production, generally amuse their readers by victimizing an American book or two. The novelty in this way of the present season is Mr. Colman's "Familiar Letters on European Life and Manners." There is a jerking, dyspeptic notice of the work in the *Athenæum*, and a humorous quiz in the *Examiner*. The head and front of Mr. Colman's offending seems to be his minute accounts of the mode of life in the houses of the nobility and upper classes, of which we gave an amusing specimen or two when his book first appeared. The *Examiner* admits that the lords and ladies may like this sort of thing, "tickling the noble fancy with a bird's eye view of some thousands of American readers across the water, poring, with open mouths and goggle eyes, over descriptions of its owner's domestic magnificence." And why should Mr. C. not write the descriptions? It has been a favorite habit of English travellers to describe all the broken crockery and overset mustard pots which they fell in with in America! Why should not Mr. Colman, in the nobler and more generous spirit, write of porce-



lain when he meets with it? A hundred years hence his descriptions will be invaluable to the Macaulays of that generation. There is a twang of Sydney Smith in his critic, e. g.:—"But there is one phase of the national character which impresses our good traveller more than any other. It is remarkable that the guests at a gentleman's house do not dash at the dishes, and contend with one another for 'the fixings' they contain, but put their trust in Providence, and in the servants, and in the good time coming, if they wait a little longer; it is a grave consideration that they have water to wash in, sheets to sleep in, paper to write letters on, and allumettes to light their sealing-wax by; it is a matter for a philosopher's reflection, that at breakfast you find the cold beef on the sideboard, and at night the chamber candlestick in the entry; but the distinctive mark of the national character, the centre prong in the trident of Britannia, the strong tuft in the mane of the British lion, is the national propensity to perform that humble household service, which is familiarly called 'emptying the slops.' This and the kindred national propensity to brush a man's clothes and polish his boots, whensoever and wherever the clothes and boots can be seized without the man, are the noteworthy things that can never be effaced from an observant traveller's remembrance.

Princes and lords may flourish and may fade,

even the 'Duke,' with his four-and-twenty silver tea-caddies all of a row, may be made hay of by the inexorable getter-in of human grass—but the ducal housemaid and the ducal boot-boy will flourish in immortal freshness.

By and by he expatiates on the bell-rope being always within reach; on a 'wicked nightcap' being 'not unfrequently' placed for you (though we suspect the Duchess of a personal attention to this article); on the unwonted luxury of a boot-jack; on the high civilization of a little copper teakettle; on the imposing solemnity of that complicated Institution known as dinner-napkins, which, we are told, 'are never left upon the table, but either thrown into your chair or on the floor under the table;' but faithful to the one great trait of Britain, he falls back on the boots and clothes for ever 'brushed and folded and laid out for use!'"

Mr. HUDSON, by the way, too, gets "short shrift" for his Lectures on Shakspeare in the *Edinburgh*, in a flippant passage which does the book great injustice. The reviewer holds up a sentence as a specimen of the whole, condemning it for its fine writing, which may or may not be true of it, according to the context. Certainly, if there is any "fine writing" in an objectionable sense in Mr. Hudson's book it is amply redeemed by strong thinking.

The Confidence Man, the new species of the Jeremy Diddler recently a subject of police fingering, and still later impressed into the service of Burton's comicalities in Chambers street, is excellently handled by a clever pen in the *Merchants' Ledger*, which we are glad to see has a column for the credit as well as for the debtor side of humanity. It is not the worst thing that can be said of a country that it gives birth to a confidence man:—

"Who is there that does not recollect, in the circle of his acquaintance, a smart young gentleman who, with his coat buttoned to the throat and hair pushed back, extends his arms at public meetings in a wordy harangue? This is the young confidence man of politics. In private life you remember perfectly well the

middle-aged gentleman with well-developed person and white waistcoat, who lays down the law in reference to the state of trade, sub-treasury, and the tariff—and who subscribes steadily to Hunt's excellent Magazine (which he never reads). This is the confidence man of merchandise. \* \* \*

"That one poor swindler, li. e. the one under arrest, should have been able to drive so considerable a trade on an appeal to so simple a quality as the confidence of man in man, shows that all virtue and humanity of nature is not entirely extinct in the nineteenth century. It is a good thing, and speaks well for human nature, that, at this late day, in spite of all the hardening of civilization and all the warning of newspapers, men can be swindled.

"The man who is always on his guard, always proof against appeal, who cannot be beguiled into the weakness of pity by any story—is far gone, in our opinion, towards being himself a hardened villain. He may steer clear of petty larceny and open swindling—but mark that man well in his intercourse with his fellows—they have no confidence in him, as he has none in them. He lives coldly among his people—he walks an iceberg in the marts of trade and social life—and when he dies, may Heaven have that confidence in him which he had not in his fellow mortals!"

—WILLIS, in one of his latest "excursion letters," introduces a new feature into the "physical geography" of the country. Speaking of Cape Cod, he says—"If you look at it upon the map, you will see that it resembles the lifted leg of New England, in the act of giving the enemy a kick."

—The Gold Regions of California have fairly entered upon their second period of progress, the stage of competition and regularly applied laborious industry. The fairy money is turning to dust and ashes! A picturesque letter in the *Evening Post*, dated San Francisco, June 20, records an item or two of the transition. On the arrival of the Panama steamer "it was interesting to observe the progress for the first few days of the adventurers. They clung to the steamer, till the good nature of the captain and the fresh provisions of the ship were exhausted together. They finally dispersed, most of them going to the mines, with their salt pork, tin kettles, tools, and India rubber contrivances. The person, who had each Sunday during the voyage read to us the service, and preached against this world and its lusts, was off to the mines, with tin pan and shovel. A sober, staid, and smooth-faced man, who had conducted himself like a saint on board ship, was to be seen, much to the surprise of all, dealing cards at a Faro-table, at the Parker Hotel. A youth who had sported himself gaily on the voyage, might be seen peddling coffee pots and drinking cups around the town." One party, mostly mechanics, giving up the idea of mining, had wisely resolved upon taking advantage of the high price of labor at San Francisco, and engaged themselves in their various occupations, and had installed their leader, Dr. Colton, whose departure from New York had been announced in the Tribune, as that of a distinguished philosopher and scientific lecturer, as their cook and tent keeper. \* \* \* There are to be seen in the private hospital, one of the most thriving and profitable enterprises of San Francisco, men once sturdy, but doubled with rheumatism; youths whose blood once flowed rich and invigorating, and which now is impoverished and corrupted with the poison of scurvy. They may yet clutch their dirty

leather bags of gold dust, but day by day, as they pay for the doctor's bill and nurse's care, the precious metal goes faster than it came. Comfort for the sick, which would be misery at home, is with difficulty got for ten dollars a day."

—A capital local sketch appeared in the *Albion* a week or two since of an amiable, though eccentric character, in which more than one trait of the original is preserved to the life, with a kindly hand. "Whoever has had occasion, any time, for the last ten years, to consult a file of newspapers at the Rooms of the New York Society Library, must remember a singular little figure which presented itself, skipping about those precincts with a jerky and angular motion. He must recollect in the first half-minute, after entering, when newly introduced, having been rapidly approached by a man of slender build in a frock-coat, low shoes, a large female head in a cameo in his bosom, an eye-glass dangling to and fro: and presently thrusting into his very face a wrinkled countenance, twithey and peculiarly distorted in (we think it was) the left eye. This was Little Trappan himself, the superintendent of the Rooms and arch-custodian of the filed newspapers: who no doubt asked you sharply on your first appearance, rising on one leg, as he spoke, "Well, Sir—what do you want?" This question was always put to a debutant with a sternness of demeanor and severity of tone, absolutely appalling. But wait a little, and you will see the really kind old gentleman softening down, and meek as a lamb, leading you about to crop of the sweetest bunches his garden of preserves could furnish. It was his way, only: and, while surprised into admiration of his new suavity, you were lingering over an open paper which he had spread before you with alacrity, you were startled into a fresh and greater wonder, at the uprising of a voice in a distant quarter—shouting, roaring almost in a furious key, and demanding with a clamorous passion, 'Why the devil gentlemen couldn't conduct themselves as gentlemen, and keep their legs off the tables!' Looking hastily about, you discovered the little old man, planted square in the middle of the floor, firing hot shot and rapid speech, in broadsides, upon a doubled-up man, half in the chair, and half on the reading-table—with a perfect chorus of eyes rolling about the room from the assembled readers, centring upon the little figure in its spasm. Silence again for three minutes, and all the gentlemen present are busy with the afternoon papers (just come in) when suddenly a second crash is heard, and some desperate, unknown mutilator of a file—from which an oblong, three inches by an inch and a half is gone,—is held up to the scorn, contumely, and measureless detestation of the civilized world. The peal of thunder dies away, and with it the spare figure has disappeared at a side door, out of the Reading Room into the Library: but it is not more than a couple of minutes after, that the Reading Room tables are alive with placards, bulletins, and announcements in pen and ink, variously requiring, imploring, and warning frequenters of the Room against touching said files with unholy hands. These are no sooner set and displayed, than the irrepressible Superintendent is bending over some confidential friend at one of the tables, and making him privately and fully acquainted with the unheard-of outrages which require these violent demonstrations."

—A Newport correspondent of the

*Tribune* notices the picturesque appearance of the present fashionable costume on the beach,—“Here, unlike Rockaway, the ladies and gentlemen bathe in common, wearing costumes of which no parallels can be found in any Magazine des Modes unless the plates were done in an Insane Asylum, and which at a distance give the beach the appearance of an exploded State Prison.”

—BAYARD TAYLOR'S California Correspondence to the *Tribune* is of spirit and interest. Leaning over the stern of his canoe on the Chagres river he takes this view of the scenery:—“There is nothing in the world comparable to these forests. No description that I have ever read conveys an idea of the splendid overplus of vegetable life within the tropics. The river, broad, and with a swift current of the sweetest water I ever drank, winds between walls of foliage that rise from its very surface. All the gorgeous growths of an eternal Summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass that the eye is bewildered. From the rank jungle of canes and gigantic lilies, and the thickets of strange shrubs that line the water, rise the trunks of the mango, the ceiba, the cocoa, the sycamore, and the superb palm. Plantains take root in the banks, hiding the soil with their leaves, shaken and split into immense plumes by the wind and rain. The zapote, with a fruit the size of a man's head, the gourd tree, and other vegetable wonders, attract the eye on all sides. Blossoms of crimson, purple, and yellow, of a form and magnitude unknown in the North, are mingled with the leaves, and flocks of parquets and brilliant butterflies circle through the air like blossoms blown away. Sometimes a spike of scarlet flowers is thrust forth like the tongue of a serpent, from the heart of some convolution of unfolding leaves, and sometimes the creepers and parasites drop trails and streamers of fragrance from boughs that shoot half-way across the river. Every turn of the stream only disclosed another and more magnificent vista of leaf, bough, and blossom. All outline of the landscape is lost under this deluge of vegetation. No trace of the soil is to be seen; lowland and highland are the same; a mountain is but a higher swell of the mass of verdure. As on the ocean, you have a sense rather than a perception of beauty. The sharp, clear lines of our scenery at home are here wanting. What shape the land would be if cleared, you cannot tell. You gaze upon the scene before you with a never-sated delight, till your brain aches with the sensation, and you close your eyes, overwhelmed with the thought that all these wonders have been from the beginning—that year after year takes away no leaf or blossom that is not replaced, but the sublime mystery of growth and decay is renewed for ever.”

Here is a characteristic “interior” on shore:—“We stopped four hours short of Gorgona, at the hacienda of San Pablo, the residence of Padre Dutaris, curé of all the interior. Ambrosio took us to his house by a path across a rolling, open savanna, dotted by palms and acacias of immense size. Herds of cattle and horses were grazing on the short, thick-leaved grass, and appeared to be in excellent condition. The padre owns a large tract of land, with a thousand head of stock, and his rancho commands a beautiful view up and down the river. Ambrosio was acquainted with his woman, and by recommending us as ‘buenos caballeros’ procured us a splendid supper of fowls, eggs, rice boiled in cocoa milk, and chocolate, with baked plantains for bread. Those who came after us had diffi-

culty in getting anything. The padre has been frequently cheated by Americans, and is therefore cautious. He was absent at the time, but his son Felipe, a boy of 12 years old, assisted in doing the honors with wonderful grace and self-possession. His tawny skin is as soft as velvet, and his black eyes sparkle like jewels. He is almost the only living model of the Apollino that I ever saw. He sat in the hammock with me, leaning over my shoulder as I posted up the day's doings, and when I had done, wrote his name in my book, in an elegant hand. I slept soundly in the midst of an uproar, and only awoke at four o'clock next morning, to hurry our men in leaving for Gorgona.”

#### OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

“The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching downwards the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision, ‘a sea of glass like unto crystal.’ So massive is it, that when it begins to stir it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow-flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it, the rainbow would want its ‘triumphal arch,’ and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hailstorm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature space to find a place of rest, and nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goes forth again to her labor till the evening.”

WORDSWORTH was present at the Queen's ball in London lately. A London journal, in speaking of the fact, remarks:—

“Poetry must truly be a healthy occupation. It

was never considered very fattening, but the vital and divine spirit must be strong in the tuneful tribe. Here is Wordsworth, aged seventy-nine, travelling from Westmoreland and joining in the court gaieties, besides writing sonnets. There is Samuel Rogers, aged seventy-seven, running about to routs and picture sales. James Montgomery, at Sheffield, in his seventy-seventh year, is still intent on poetry and benevolence; and Thomas Moore the Little, who, upon Monday, entered upon seventy, sings his Irish melodies with as much gusto as ever, sips his pint of claret, and now and then indites honeyed verses on rosy lids, blue eyes, and ‘all that sort of thing.’ Joanna Baillie, bordering on fourscore, still graces her retreat at Hampstead. One of the early lakers, Thomas de Quincy, after encountering many reverses in seventy years, and after eating more opium than would kill a company of grenadiers, dreams and writes classic dreams somewhere about ‘Auld Reekie,’ joined occasionally by Professor Wilson, who is getting lazy, though only sixty-one.”

#### HOME.

Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessil venimus larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

The old grey mansion looks upon the woods,  
The lawns lie green beneath the mellow light;  
I hear the olden song of fallen floods,  
That fills the silent hollow of the night.

That is the chamber window whence I sprang;  
Those the old oaks of many centuries,  
In whose great leafy boughs I loved to hang,  
And make strange playmates of the mighty trees.

The stream I leapt in boyhood dashes down  
In falls and mossy windings as of yore;  
Still sleeps the sunlight on the hill's dense crown,  
Whose base is ocean swept with ceaseless roar.

And once that roar seemed music—once I lay  
In the rich orchard underneath the sky  
In childish visions all the summer day—  
It seemed the whisper of eternity.

All the long solitary years of life  
Forgotten, I am now again a child;  
Forgotten all the earnest toil and strife,  
Behold me wilful, petulant, and wild.

Again a child; O were it true in deed,  
That I might meet you, playmates of the past,  
Nor this unresting spirit truly bleed  
With a poor happiness which may not last.

Again to mock the chasm with ardent leap  
Again to thrill the glades with laboring breath;  
O futile dream—in distant isles ye sleep,  
Unknown, save to the icy eye of Death.

And could we meet—with hair grown thin and grey,  
And care marked sadly on each weary brow—  
Alas, not those who dared the flashing bay,  
And rocked and shouted in the windy bough.

Again a child; those wavering branches then,  
Where the last echoes of the stream rejoice,  
Might yield that unforgotten form again,  
And I might once more hear my mother's voice.

Where southern seas under bright heavens lie  
That voice has haunted oft the summer air:  
O come thou now, beneath no alien sky,  
And teach thy sorrowing child another prayer.

#### Publishers' Circular.

##### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. LEA & BLANCHARD will publish, in the course of a few weeks, KENNEDY'S *Life of Wirt*. It cannot fail, from the double claims of author and subject, of being a work of interest.

MESSRS. STRINGER & TOWNSEND will issue immediately Mr. Herbert's “Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America.” Also “My Sister Minnie, a Novel,” by Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel; author of the *Poor Cousin*, *Georgiana Hammond*, &c.

F. W. THOMAS, Esq., author of “*Clinton Bradshaw*,” has, says the *Knickerbocker*, nearly completed a novel called “*James Russell, an Autobiography*,” to be published in Cincinnati in October.

E. P. WHIFFLE, Esq., is about to publish his “*Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life*,” from the press of TICKNOR & Co. Boston.



D. APPLETON & Co. have in press Boise's Exercises in Greek Composition; Companion to Ollendorff, edited by Greene; Ollendorff's Elementary French Grammar, by Greene; Professor Johnson's Edition of Cicero's Orations; Professor Thacher's Edition of Cicero de Officiis; Women of the New Testament, with eighteen superb steel engravings, edited by Dr. W. B. Sprague; Women of the Bible, with eighteen fine steel engravings, edited by Dr. Wainwright, a new edition; Aunt Fanny's Christmas Stories, a new edition; Illustrated Commentary on the Four Gospels, edited by Dr. Tyng; A New Juvenile, translated from the German by Miss Susan Pindar; The Literary Gem, an Illustrated Souvenir for all Seasons; Appleton's Southern and Western Guide-Book, with numerous maps; Living Authors of England, by Powell; Sevan's and Velasquez's Spanish and English Dictionary, to match Adler's German; American Historical Tales for Youth; Anthon's Contributions to Legal Science; Byrne's Dictionary of Machinery, Mechanics, and Engineering, with 1500 illustrations; Byrne's New Method of Calculating Logarithms.

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Annual Report of the Normal, Model, and Common Schools in Upper Canada, for the year 1848, with an Appendix by the Chief Superintendent of Schools, Montreal. Printed by Rollo Campbell. 1849. Folio, pp. 38.  
A Rejoinder to "Replica from England, &c., to certain statements circulated in this country respecting Mr. Macready," together with an impartial history and review of the lamentable occurrences at the Astor-Place Opera House on the 10th of May, 1849. (New York: Stricker & Townsend. 1849. 8vo. pp. 119.)  
Asylum Souvenir (The). 18mo. pp. 64. (Utica, N. Y. Printed at the Asylum.)  
Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Review, Vol. VI. No. XXIII. August, 1849. (New York and London. John Wiley.)  
Colton (Rev. C. C.)—Lacon; or, many things in few words; addressed to those who think. Revised edition, with an Index. (New York: William Gowans.) 8vo. pp. 504.  
Combe (Andrew, M.D.)—The Universal Guide to Health, by a rational course of Food and Diet. Eighth edition. (Buffalo: Geo. H. Derby & Co.) 1849. 18mo. pp. 310.  
Corkran (J. F.)—History of the National Constituent Assembly from May, 1848. (Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 377.)  
Elliot (Samuel).—The Liberty of Rome: a History, with an Historical Account of the Liberty of Ancient Nations. (New York: Geo. P. Putnam.) 1849. 2 vols. 8vo., with plates, pp. 536, 523.  
Houghton.—Bulwer and Forbes on the Water-Treatment. Edited, with additional matter, by Roland J. Houghton, A.M., M.D. (New York: Geo. P. Putnam.) 12mo. pp. 327.  
Howe (John W. S.)—The Practical Elocutionist and Academic Reader and Speaker; designed for the use of Colleges, Academies, and High Schools, by J. W. S. Howe, Compiler of "The Shakspearian Reader," and Professor of Elocution in Columbia College. (New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1849.) 12mo. pp. 431.  
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Tiffany (Osmond, Jr.)—The Canton Chinese; or, the American's Sojourn in the Celestial Empire. Boston: Cambridge, Munroe & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 371.  
Wilderforce (R. J., Archdeacon of the West Riding).—The Doctrine of the Incarnation in its Relation to Man-kind and the Church. 12mo. pp. 411. (Philadelphia: H. Hooker & Co.)

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